Inglés. 131

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2

The property of
Robert Strong
See P. 86

X

Universal Harmony

OR, THE

Gentleman & Ladies

Social Compyanion:

CONSISTING

Of a great Variety of the Best & most Favourite English & Scots Songs, Cantatas &c. &c.

With a Curious Design,

By way of Head piece,

Expressive of the Sense of each particul.r Song

All neatly Engraved on Quarto Copper Plates,

And set to Music for the Voice, Violin, Hautboy, German & Common Flute, with a Thorough Base for the Organ, Harpsich.d Spinet, &c.

By the Best Masters.

The whole calculated to keep People in good Spirits, good Health, & good Humour, to promote Social Friendship in all Comp.y and Universal Harmony in every Neighbourhood.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Newbery at y.e Bible & Crown, without Temple Bar.r 1745.

W. Hitchin Sculp.t

The Shepherd's Invitation. set by Mr. Lampe

Andantino

The new flown birds, the shepherds sing, And welcome in the day: Come Pastorella
now the spring makes e--very Landskip gay. Wide spreading trees their leafy shade, O'er
half the plain ex--tend, Or in reflecting fountains play'd, their quiv'ring Branches be--
-nd. their quiv'ring Branches bend, Or in reflecting fountains play'd their quiv'ring branches bend

2

Come taste the season in its prime
And bless the rising year:
Oh! how my soul grows sick of time
Till thou, my love, appear
Then shall I pass the gladsome day
Warm in thy beauty's shine,
When thy dear flock shall sport & play
And intermix with mine

3

For thee of doves a milkwhite pair
In silken bands I hold;
For thee a firstling lambkin fair
I keep within the fold.
If milkwhite doves Acceptance meet
Or tender lambkin please,
My spotless heart without deceit
Be offer'd up with these.

The Faithfull Shepherdess

Lively, but not too fast

At setting day, and rising morn. With soul that still shall love thee, I'll ask of heav'n thy
safe return. With all that can improve thee: I'll visit oft the birken bush where first thou
kindly toldst me sweet tales of love and hidst my blush, whilst round thou didst enfold me

To all our haunts I will repair,
By Greenwood-shaw or fountain;
Or where the summer day I'd share,
With thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd, and tender;
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander

Flute

A New Song in Solomon

set by Mr. Boyce

Andante

Tell me lovely shepherd where, where tell me where thou feedst at noon thy

fleecy Care direct me to the sweet Retreat that guards y^e. from y^e. midday heat

Left by the flocks I lonely stray without a guide and lose my Way

Where rest at noon thy bleating Care, Gentle shepherd tell me where. where. where.

where tell me where where rest at noon thy bleating care, gentle sheph.^d tell me where tell me gentle sheph.^d where

Flute

A New Song in Solomon

set by Mr. Boyce

sym

Fairest of the Virgin throng dost thou seek thy swains Abode?

see yon fertile vale along, the new worn path the flocks have trod, persue the prints their

feet have made, and they shall guide thee to the shade and they shall guide the to the shade Fairest of thee

Virgin throng, dost thou seek thy swains Abode? see yon fertile vale along, the new worn path the

flocks have trod, persue the prints their feet have made & they shall guide y^e. to y^e shade & they shall guide y^e. to y^e shade.

Flute or German Flute

sym. so. sym. so.

Publish'd according to Act of Parliament April 23. 1743

The Shepherds Complaint

set by Mr Rusel

Sweet were once the Joys I tasted, all was Jolli--ty and Love; time methought two
nimbly hasted w.ch on pleasure's wings did move: Chloe's heart was all my treasure,
never was a richer swain; Chloe doubled ev'ry pleasure, Chloe banish'd ev'ry Pain.

But the envious Gods repining,
So much Bliss on earth to see,
All their bitt'rest Curses joining,
Dash'd my Cup with jealousy;
Now where erst my Pipe resounded,
Steals the sigh and heart-felt Groan,
Love by doubts and fears surrounded,
All dispute a tott'ring Throne.

Fool that ever art pursuing,
What conceal'd is always best,
Jealousy, love's Child, and ruin,
Leave oh leave my tortur'd breast;
With the slave thy pow'r confessing
Thou to Venus mildly deal,
They who shun or slight thy blessing
Should alone thy torments feel.

Stella and Flavia set by Mr Howard

Stella and Flavia ev-ry Hour Do various Hearts surprize In Stella's

Soul is all Her Pow'r And Flavia's in her Eyes In Stella's Soul is all Her

Pow'r and Flavia's in her Eyes More Boundless Flavia's Conquests are &c

Stella's more confind All can discern a Face that's fair but few a Heav'nly mind

Stella like Britain's Monarch reigns
O'er cultivated Lands
Like Eastern Tyrants Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren Sands

Then boast fair Flavia boast thy Face
Thy Beauties only Store
Each day that makes thy Charms decrease
Will give to Stella more

Advice to Cupid

set by Mr. Vincent

Not too fast

sym.

How can they taste of joys or grief, Who beauty's pow'r did never prove.

Love's all our torment's our relief. Our fate depends a-lone on love, Our fate depends a-lone on love.

2
Were I in heavy chains confin'd
Neæra's smiles would ease that state
Nor wealth, nor pow'r could bless my mind
Curs'd be her absence or her hate

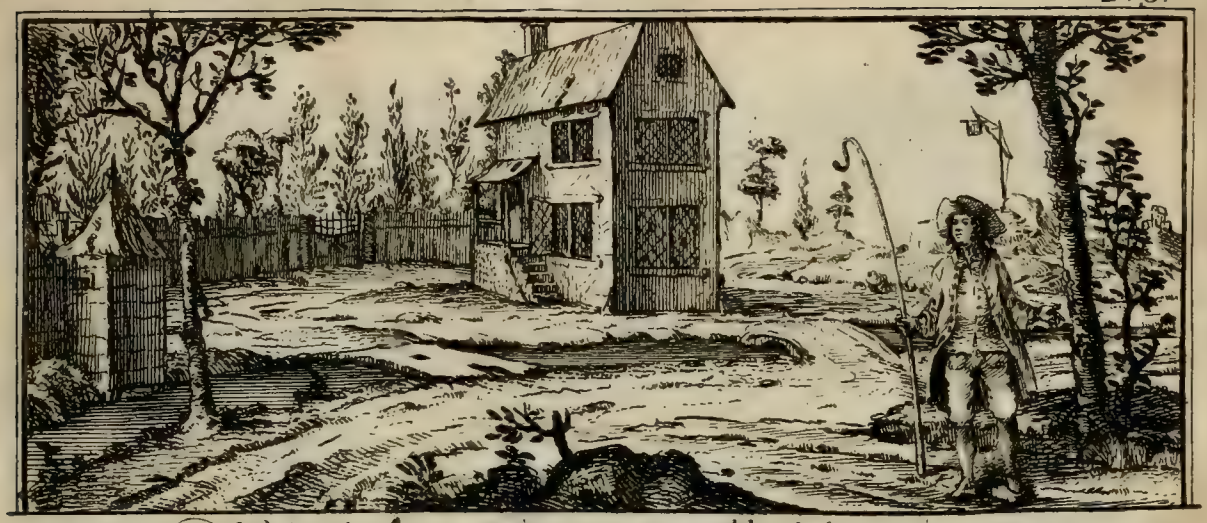
3
Of all the plants which shade the field,
The fragrant myrtle does surpass;
No flow'r so gay, that does not yield,
To blooming roses gaudy dress

4
No star so bright that can be seen
When phœbus glories gild the skies
No nymph so proud adorns the green
But yields to fair Neæra's eyes

5
The am'rous swains no Off'rings bring
To cupid's alter as before
To her they play to her they sing
And own in love no other pow'r

6
Cupid thine empire to regain
Upon this conqu'rer try thy dart
Oh! touch with pity for my pain
Neæra's cold disdainfull heart

Flute



The Nut-Brown Maid,

set by Mr. Howard

S:

'Twas in the bloom of May When odours breathe around, when nymphs are blithe and gay, and all with mirth abound that happily I strayd to view my fleecy care, where I beheld a maid no mortal eer so fair no mortal eer so fair.

2

She wore upon her head
A bonnet made of straw
Which such a face did shade
As phœbus never saw
Her looks of nut-brown hue
A round-eard coif conceald
Which to my pleasing view
A sporting breeze reveald

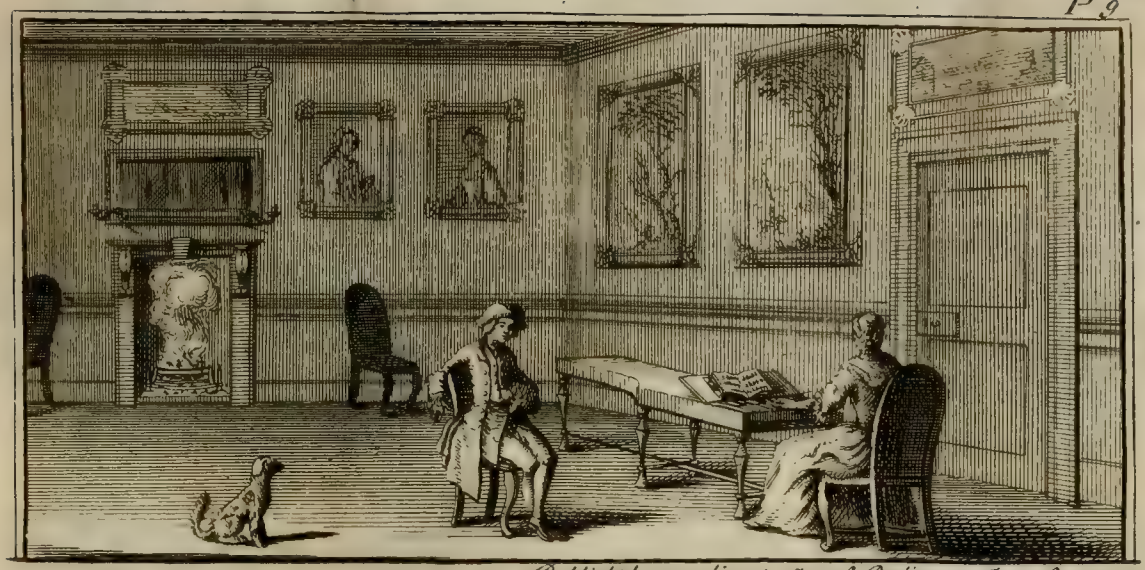
3

Around her slender waste
A scrip embroider'd hung
The lute her fingers grac'd
Accompanid with a song
With such a pleasing note
Cuzzoni might regale
Or philomela's throat
That warbles thro' the vale

4

Not long I stood to view
Struck with her heavnly air
I to the charmer flew
And caught the yielding fair
Hear this ye scornful belles
And milder ways persue
She that in charms excells
Excels in kindness too

Flute



Publish'd according to Act of Parliment June 6. 1743

The Power of Musick and Beauty

set by Mr. Stanley

Musick has Power to melt the Soul, By Beau-ty Na-ture's

1 2

sway'd, Each can the U-niverse controul, Without the o-ther's

1 2

aid. Each can the U-niverse controul Without the o-ther's aid.

2

But here together both appear
And force united try
Musick enchants the list'ning Ear
And Beauty charms the Eye

3

What Cruelty these Pow'rs to join
These Transports who can bear
Oh! let the sound be less divine
Or look the Nymphs less fair

Flute

The Sleepy Fair

set by Mr. Howard

One summers eve as strephon rovd wrapt up in thought profound, surprizd he saw his
best belovd lye sleeping on the Ground Awake my pretty sleeper wake a-
wake to strephons call be careful for your lovers sake 'tis night the dew-drops fall.

2

Then to her cheeks his lips he laid
And gently stole a kiss
She still slept on he not dismayd
Repeats the transient bliss
She wakes and thus with angry tone
Away Away she cries
Then faultring bids the swain be gone
Then sighs and closd her eyes

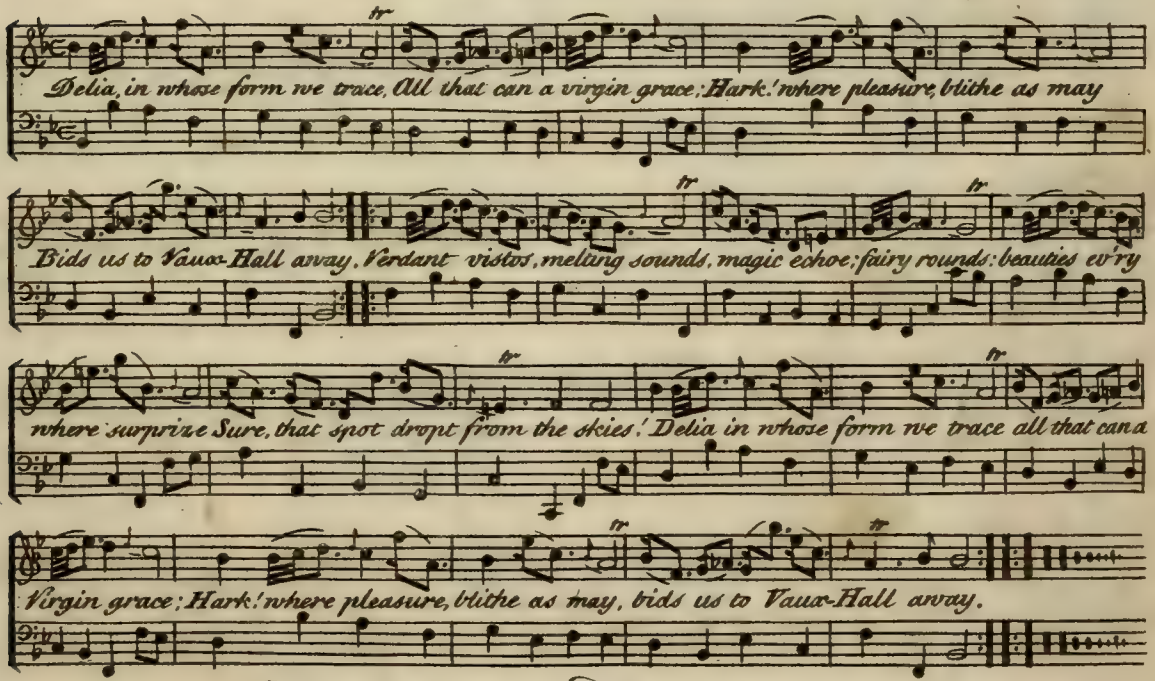
3

Tho' cruel are your words sweet maid
Can sighs proceed from hate
My doubts are gone then down he laid
Resolvd to share her fate
Defended from the noxious air
Within his Arms she lay
And tho' the swain oft wakd the fair
She said no more till day

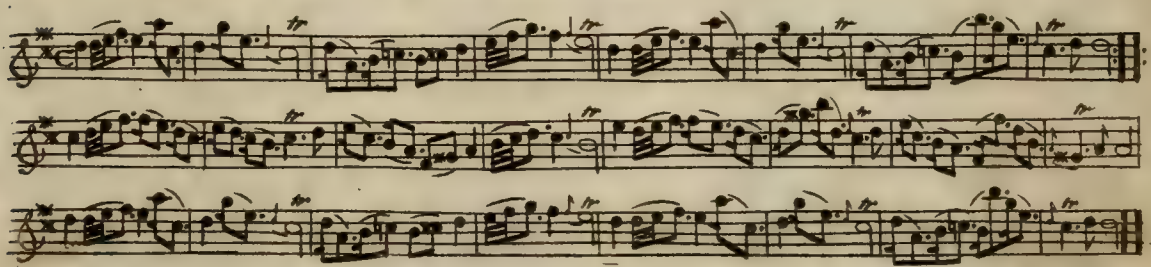
Flute

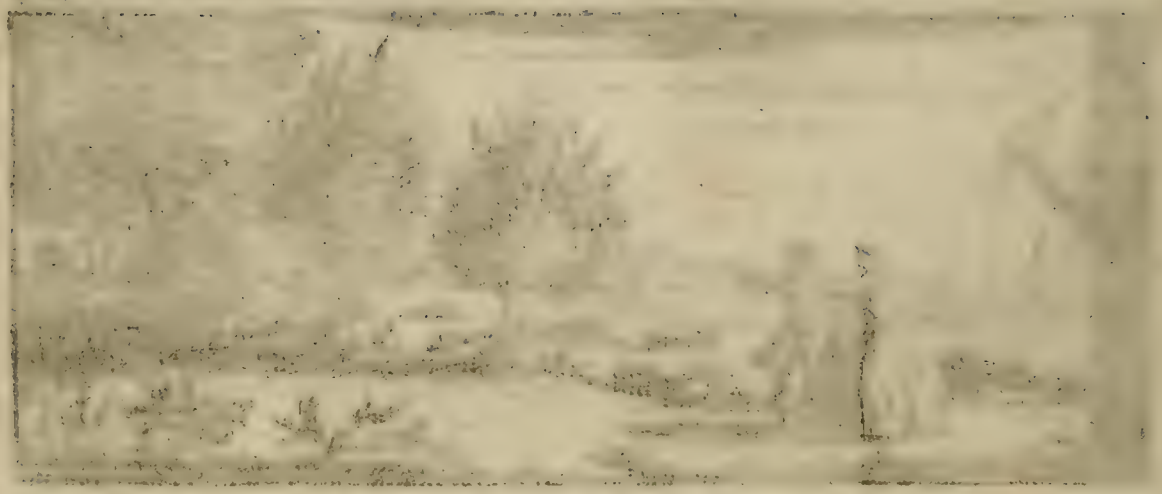
To Delia.

set by Mr. Howard


Delia, in whose form we trace, All that can a virgin grace; Hark! where pleasure, blithe as may
Bids us to Vaux-Hall away, Verdant vistos, melting sounds, magic echoe; fairy rounds: beauties ev'ry
where surprize Sure, that spot dropt from the skies! Delia in whose form we trace all that can a
Virgin grace; Hark! where pleasure, blithe as may, bids us to Vaux-Hall away.

For the German Flute





To Zephyrus

set by Mr. Howard

Sportive Zephyrus, fondly blow--ing, Spreading Odours through the Air; Bloom--ing

Life on Groves be--stow--ing; To Vaux--hall my Delia bear. Flora cant more

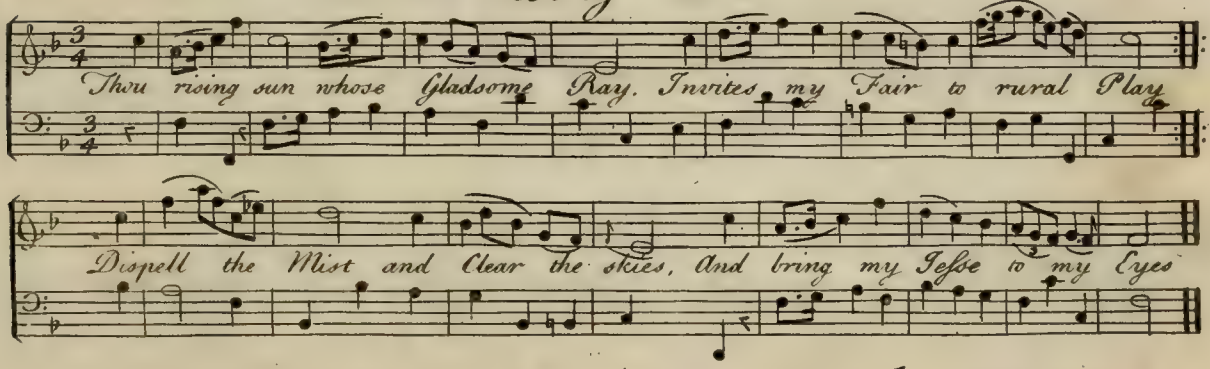
sweet--ly bless the, Play--ing, Stray--ing, round her Charms Then when

Delia's smiles ad--dress me; Sigh--ing dy--ing, in her Arms. Sportive

Zephyrus, fondly blow--ing; Spreading Odours through the Air Bloom--ing

Life on Groves be-stow-ing; To Vaux-hall my Delia bear.

Thou rising Sun


Thou rising sun whose Gladsome Ray. Invites my Fair to rural Play
Dispell the Mist and Clear the skies, And bring my Jesse to my Eyes

2

Oh! were I sure my Dear to view
I'd climb ye pine trees topmost bough
Aloft in air that quivering plays
And round & round for ever gaze

3

My Jesse fair where art thou laid
What wood conceals my sleeping maid
Fast by the root enrag'd I'll tear
The trees y^e. hide my Jesse fair

4

Oh! I could ride y^e clouds & skies
Or on y^e ravins pinions rise
Ye storkes ye swans a moment stay
And waft a lover on his way.

5

My bliss too long my bride denies
Apace y^e wasting summer flies
Nor yet y^e wintry blasts I fear
Nor storms or night shall keep me here

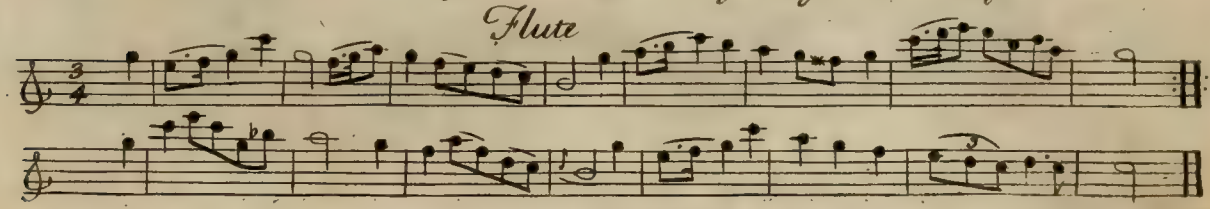
6

What may for strength w^th. steel compare
Oh! love has fetters stronger far
By bolts of steel are limbs confind
But cruel love inchants y^e. mind

7

No longer then perplex thy breast
When thoughts torment y^e first are best
Tis mad to go tis death to stay
Away to Jesse hast away

Flute



Published according to Act of Parliament July 16 1743

Arno's Vale

set by Mr. Holcombe

When here Lucinda first we came where Arno rolls his sil--ver stream, how brisk ỹ nymphs ỹ swains how gay Content inspird each ru--ral lay. The birds in livelier concert sung, the Grapes in thick--er clusters hung all look'd as joy could never fail, among the sweets of Arno's Vale.

But now since good Palemon dy'd
The chief of shepherds and the pride
Now Arno's sons must all give place
To Northern swains an Iron race
The taste of pleasure now is o'er
Thy notes Lucinda please no more
The muses droop the Goths prevail
Adieu the sweets of Arno's Vale

Flute

Chloe

Set by Dr. Greene

Tender

In vain the force of Female Arms, In vain their offer'd Love: Their Smile, their Air nor all their Charms, my passion can remove For all that's fair and Good I find in Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind. In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

2

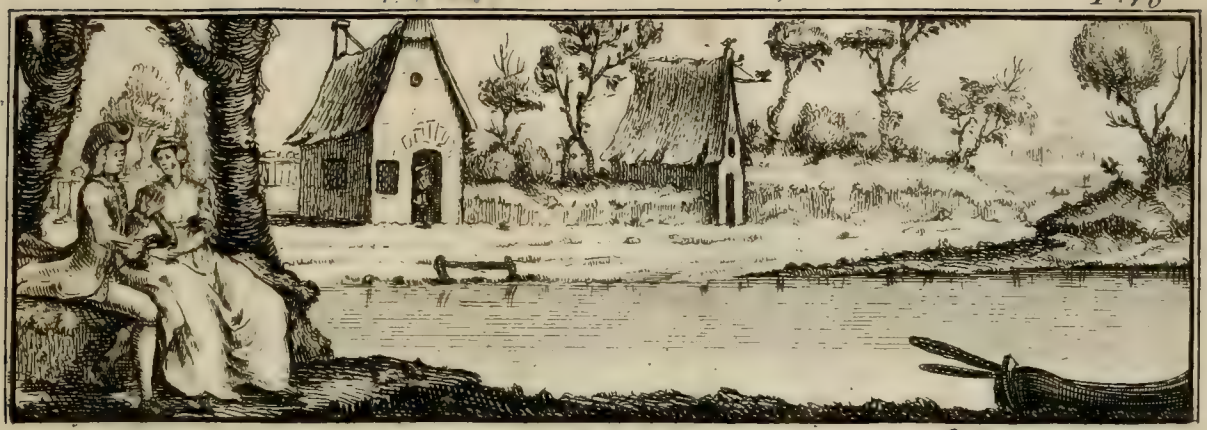
Let Celia all her Wit display,
That glitters while it kills:
My heart disdains the feeble ray,
Nor light nor heat it feels;
For all that's bright and gay, I find
In Chloe's form in Chloe's Mind.

3

Fair Flavia shines in Gems of Gold,
And uses all her Arts;
Not richest Chains my heart can hold,
Unpierc'd by Diamond darts:
For all that's rich and fair, I find
In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

4

Those Notes, sweet Myra, now give o'er,
That once had Power to wound;
When Chloe speaks they are no more,
But mix with common Sound:
All Grace, all harmony I find
In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.



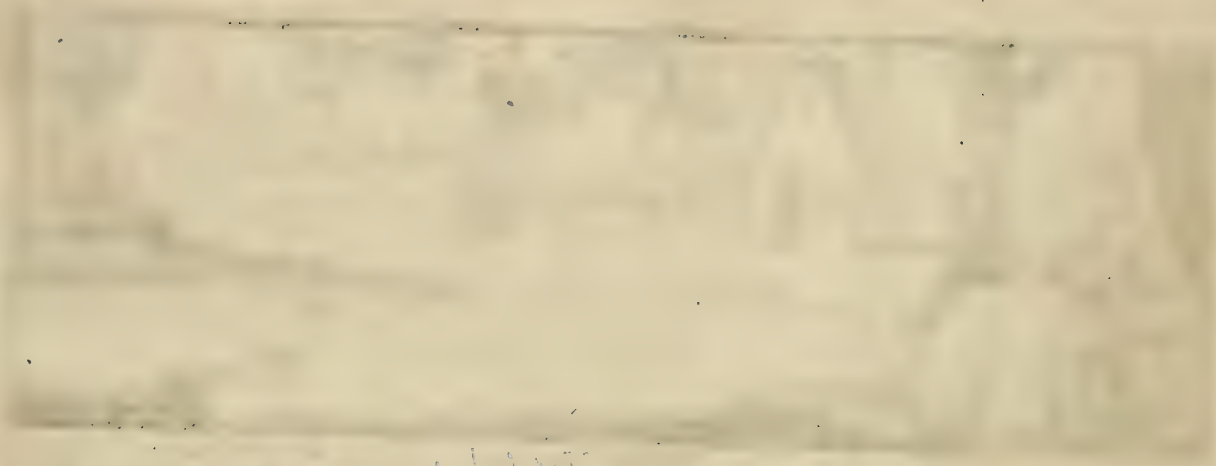
FLORELLA Set by Mr. Kilburn

Florel-la lovely Nymph, forbear to cloud a Face like shine, With
frowns, that nought but smiles should wear, to please & bless Mankind.
With envious Haste Old Time and Care Will tarnish every Bloom, Then
do not by Im-prudence mar What will be lost too soon

See! with what Pleasure ev'ry Swain,
The chearful Chloe views:
See! with what Joy they wear the chain,
All pleas'd whom she subdues.
Tho' fair her face divinely fair,
Yet she her Conquests owes;
To that good nature that appears,
In every thing she does.

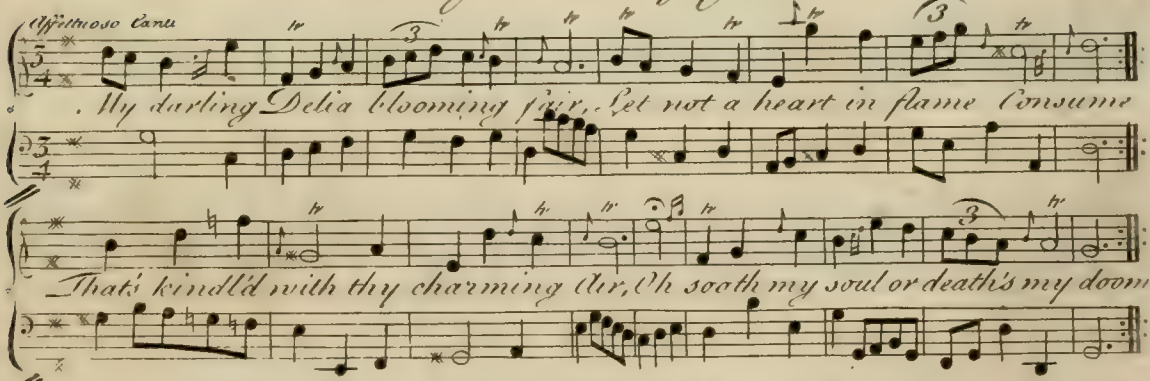
And that will please, when ev'ry Toy,
That Beauty gave is dead;
And friendly smooth the wrinkled brow,
Of Age's hoary head.
Then give to smiles & mirth the hour,
Enjoy the present store:
Defraud not beauty of that Pow'r,
That soon will be no more.

Flute



Darling Delia

A New Song set to Musick by a Gentleman


Affettuoso Canto
My darling Delia blooming fair, Let not a heart in flame Consume
That's kindl'd with thy charming Air, Oh sooth my soul or death's my doom.

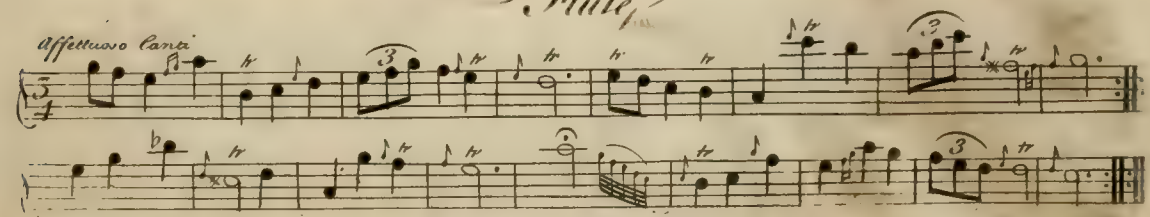
2

I gaz'd I lov'd in raptures fell,
Your sparkling eyes has pierc'd me thro'
No poet's song no tongue can tell,
How many beauties shine in you.

3

Let kingdoms the Ambitious fire,
Their wealth and power I despise,
To nobler Conquests I aspire,
For Delia's the more glorious prize.

Flute



Fly Care to the Winds sung by Mr Lowe

Fly Care to the Winds thus I Blow thee away I'll drown thee in Wine if thou dar'st for to stay: With Bumpers of Claret my Spirits I'll raise I'll laugh and I'll sing all the rest of my Days

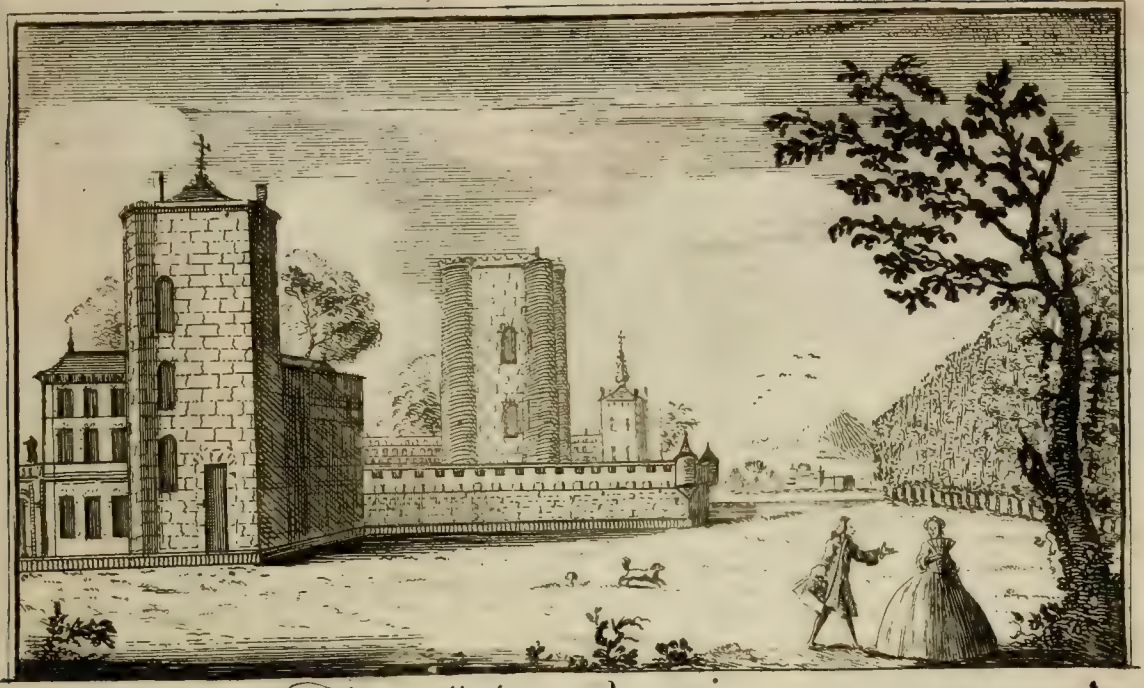
2

God Bacchus this moment adopts me his Son
And inspirid my Breast glows with Transports unknown
The sparkling Liquor new Vigour supplies
And makes the Nymph kind who before was too wise

3

Then dull sober Mortals! be happy as me
Two Bottles of Claret will make us agree
Will open your Eyes to see Phillis's Charms
And her coyness washid down she'll fly to your Arms

Flute



The Modest Question

set by Mr Russel

Can Love be contrould by advice can madneſs be reason agree O Molly who'd ever be wise if
madneſs is loving of thee Let ſages pretend to deſpise the joys they want ſpirits to taste let
me ſeize old time as he flies---------- and the bleſsings of life while they last

Dull wisdom but adds to our cares,
Brisk love will improve every joy;
Too soon we may meet with grey hairs,
Too late may repent being Coy:

Then molly for what should we stay,
Till all our best blood does run cold,
Our youth we can have but to day,
We may always find time to grow old.

Flute

COLLIN set by Mr. Kilburn

Collin, One day in angry Mood, Because Myrtilla whom he lov'd, laughd at his flame & mock'd his
sighs, thus fervently to Jove applies O! Jove, thou sov'reign God a-bove who know'st ye
pains of slighted love; hear a poor mortals pray'r & take, all ye whole sex for pity's sake, & then we men might
live at ease, secure of hapiness at peace, & then we men might live at ease, secure of happiness at peace.

Jove kindly heard: He prayd not twice,
And took the Women in a trice;
When Collin saw the Coast was clear,
For not a single Girl was near,
Reflecting with himself, 'twas kind
Says he, to gratify my mind
But now my Passions o'er, O! Jove
Give me Myrtilla back, my Love
Let me with her on Earth be bless'd
And keep in Heaven all the rest

Flute

On Greenwich Park

set by Mr. Jackson

Hail Greenwich crown'd with sweet delight, throughout thy parks display'd, there nature's lavish charms invite, each youth and blooming maid.

To taste the joys of rural shade, where nou- -ght but love and mirth invade, where nought but love & mirth invade

2

Thy ranging groves of lofty trees
With spreading shades repell
The heat of Phœbus sultry rays
There feather'd songsters dwell
In pleasing emblems of true love
Melodious warbling thro' the grove

3

Each rising hill new prospects yields
And captivates the mind
The grazing flocks the pleasant fields
Yield raptures unconfind
Fair Flora paints the verdant scene
And decks with fragrant sweets y^e. green

4

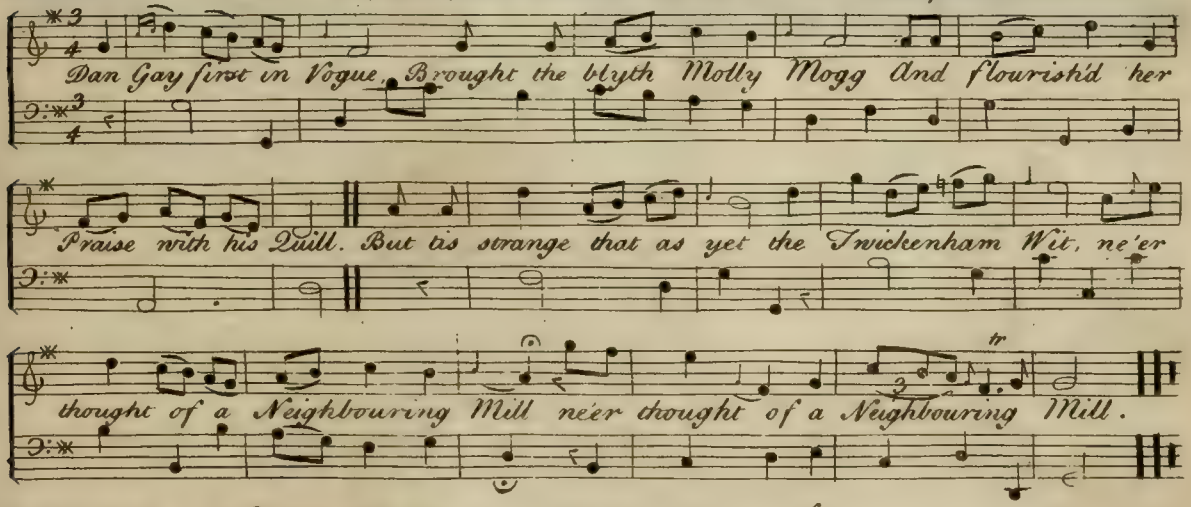
The silver Thames glides gently by
With peace and plenty crown'd
It's glittring surface cheers the eye
Green Oziers mantling round
With wanton wavings as it goes
In various forms new beauties shews

5

From hill to dale from dale to grove
Thy splendours shine around
That viewing each we fully prove
Transporting joys abound
Whilst ecstacy inspires the soul
And praising one, we praise thy whole

Flute

THE LASS OF THE MILL. Set by Mr. Howard


Dan Gay first in Vogue Brought the blyth Molly Mogg And flourish'd her
Praise with his Quill. But tis strange that as yet the Twickenham Wit, ne'er
thought of a Neighbouring Mill ne'er thought of a Neighbouring Mill.

That the Seas foaming Juice
Did Venus produce
Let Poets insist on it still
I stoutly aver
That a fairer than her
Took her rise from the froth of a mill.

2

But say O ye Nine
How a Nymth so divine
Could the Lap of a Miller's Wife fill
Unless that some God
Stray'd out of his Road
And set up his staff in his Mill.

3

Once Juno's good Man
In the Shape of a swan
Did Leda so lovingly bill
That Helen she hatch'd
Who never was match'd
But by the fair Lass of the Mill.

4

In another Disguise
Alcmena he plys
Like Amphitryo he frolicks his fill
Then why might not Jove
As a Cloak for his Love
Take upon him y Man of the Mill.

5

Once Homer inflam'd
An hundred tongues claim'd
Some Arderous Work to fullfill
Let me tell the Old Bard
This task were to hard
Tho' thou hadst all the Clacks of y Mill

6

But fie Muse forbear
'Tis better by far
No more of these charms to reveal
Lest thereby you might
New Rivals excite
And carry more sacks to the Mill

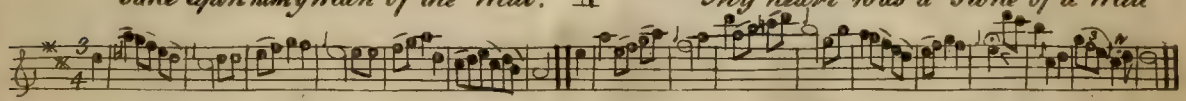
7

With Influence benign
Oh! would she incline
With my stars but to favour my will
So it might be with her
I would be raptures I swear
And musick to live in a Mill.

8

Then fair One be kind
Nor with Water and Wind
Inconstant turn round with y Wheel
Lest when I am dead
It should truly be said
Thy heart was a Stone of a Mill

9



Conjugal Love

Sweet day so cool so Calm so Bright the Bridal of the Earth and

Sky The Dew shall weep thy Fall to night for thou with all thy

sweets must Die for thou with all thy Sweets must Die

2

Sweet rose so fragrant and so brave,
Dazling the rash beholder's Eye:
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou with all thy Sweets must die

3

Sweet spring so beauteous & so gay
Store-house where sweets unnumber'd lie
Not long thy fading Glories stay
But thou with all thy sweets must die

4

Sweet love alone sweet wedded Love
To thee no Period is assign'd
Thy tender joys by time improve
In death it self the most refin'd

Flute

The happy Couple

Staccato

Symphony

Song.

At Upton on the hill, there lives a happy Pair the Swain his name is Will: and Molly is the fair; Ten years are gone and more since Hymen joind these two, their Hearts were one before the sacred rites they knew.

Since which 2 Auspicious day
Sweet harmony does reign
Both love and both obey
Hear this each nymph & swain
If haply Cares invade
As who is free from care
Th' impressions lighter made
By taking each a share

3

Pleas'd with a Calm retreat
They've no ambitious view
In plenty live nor state
Nor Envy those that do

Flute

Sure pomp is empty Noise
And cares increase with wealth
They aim at truer Joys
Tranquillity and health.

4

With safety and with ease
Their present life does flow
They fear no raging seas
Nor rocks that lurk below
May still a steady Gale
Their little bark attend
And gently fill each sail
Till life it self shall end

Barberini's Minuet the Words by Mr. Leveridge

Think when to Pleasure the Sports do invite you, Time's on the wing & is fleeting away, & as yr bright

Season of youth does excite you, Crown yr dear moments wth mirth whilst you may: As time approches by

kindly advances, with truly graceful & free open fancies, of Songs & brisk dances intreat him to stay, his golden treasure the

prudently measure, Let innocent pastime & Virtue delight you, Virtues innocence always are gay; those who inherit such

sweetness of Spirit. Live, live, live, live, Those who inherit such sweetness of Spirit, live & enjoy true delights every Day.

Flute

Female Fortitude

set by Mr. Russel

Sym.

Andante

Young Daphne brightest Creature, that eer did heart ensnare was blest w.th all that nature could
lavish on the fair; could lavish on the fair. For her each youth did languish, and told their amorous smart: What
tho she mock'd their Anguish yet Strephon won her heart, yet Strephon won her heart.

2

The stripling swore for ever
He'd true and constant prove
He was a youth so clever
That she repaid his love.
But death their joys resening
Of Strephon made a prize
Oh, powrs unrelenting
To close the shepherds eyes

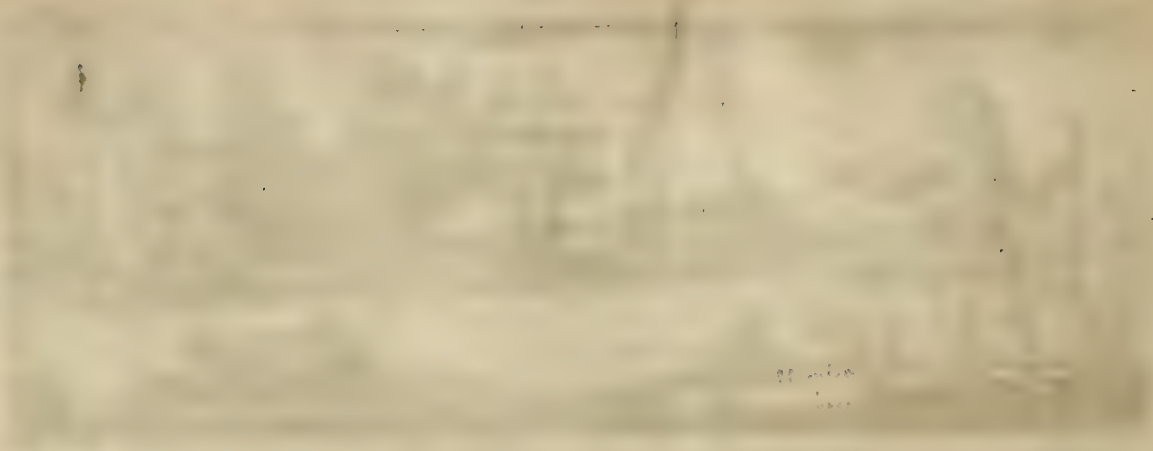
3

Now sobbing, pining, crying,
The beauteous widow ran;
And vowd, in endless sighing
To weep her constant man
But Corydon, the rover
To court her did prepare
And thought another lover
Might not displease the fair.

4

With boldness he advances
The fair his love denies
Till irresistless glances
Shot flaming from his Eyes
With Oaths and vows assailing
He wips each tear from swoln cheek
Until his love prevailing
He weds her in a week

Flute



The Beauty of true Love

set by Mr Carey

Andante

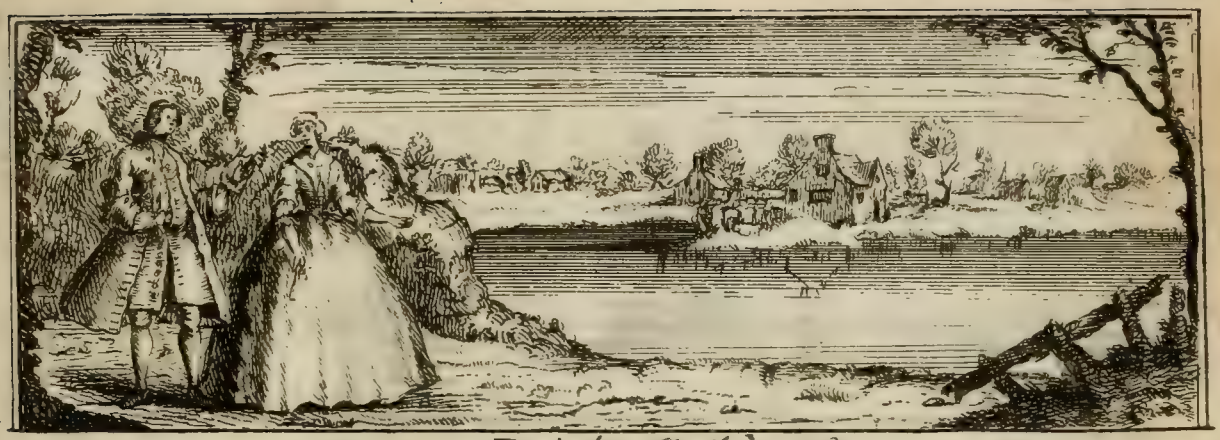
Loves a gentle Gen--rous

Paſsion source of all sublime Delight When with mutal Inclination Two fond

Hearts in one u-nite Two fond Hearts in one u-nite

What are Titles Pomp or Riches
If compar'd with true content
That false Joy which now bewitches
When obtain'd we may repent

Lawleſs Paſsions bring Vexation
But a chaste and constant Love
Is a glorious Emulation
Of the Bliſsful state above



Bright Author &c.

Andante

Bright Author if my present flame am I awake, or do---I dream

Art thou an Angel that I see come down from heavn to comfort me, bright, my Heart a flame

lately made escape from hell to cheat me to cheat me in---a fairer shape or shape

Affec.

Thou like a Commet dost appear in this our loss frequented sphere sphere at

once to dazzle and surprize with Love our hearts. with light our Eyes with love our hearts with

light our eyes at eyes

But if thou come portending fu---ture

pain cen like a Blazing star retire again But if thou come portending fu-ture pain cen like a bla---

zing star retire again cen like a bla---

zing Star retire again

Flute

Affet.

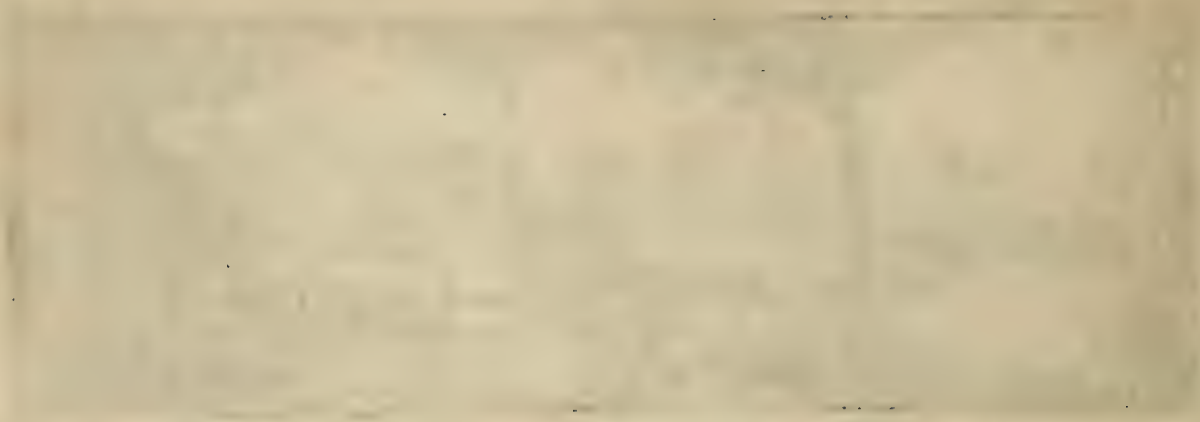
By Men Belov'd

set by Mr Stanley

By Men belov'd how soon we're mov'd How easily they perswade How
easily they perswade they please us so who can say no or who wou'd dye a Maid
Males for females Heav'n intended so that Heav'n may'nt be Offended he that first makes
Love to me shall find I'll be as fond as he, shall find I'll be as fond as he.

A Tender Maid at first tho' staid,
When once she thinks of Love, &c.
Will freely one, that lying alone;
Is what she cant approve.
Fruit when young eats y.e y.e sweetest,
Looks the gayest & the Neatest,
Women too by all Confest,
When young they're kist Kist then y.e Best
When young they're kist Kist then y.e Best

Flute



The happy Beggars.

Tho' Begging is an honest trade which wealthy knaves dispise yet rich men may be beggars made &c
we that beg may rise the greatest kings may be betray'd & lose their sovereign pow'r But
he that stoops to ask his bread but he that stoops to ask his bread can never fall much lower

2

Tho' Foreigners have swarmd of late and spoild our begging trade
Yet still we live and drink good beer, tho' they our rights invade
Some say they for Religion fled, but wiser people tell us
They were forcd here to seek their bread, for being too rebelious

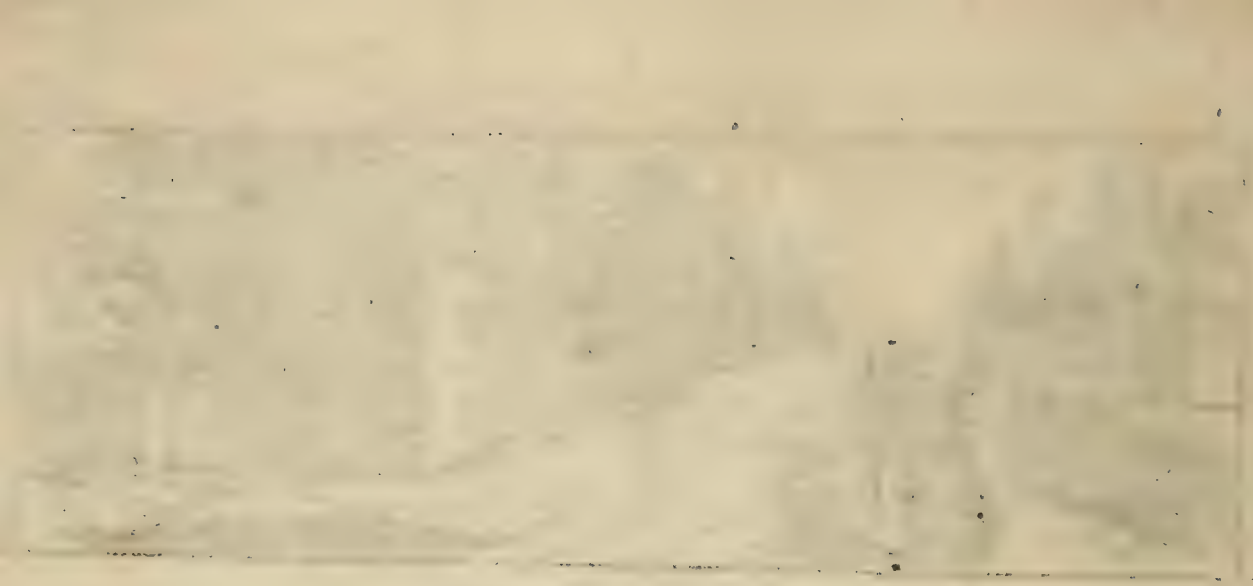
3

Let heavy taxes greater grow to make our Army fight
Were 'tis not to be had you know, the king must lose his right
Let one side laugh the other morn we nothing have to fear
But that great Lords will beggars be to be as great as we are

4

What tho' we make the world believe, that we are sick or lame
'Tis now a virtue to deceive, our teachers do the same.
In trade dissembling is no Crime and we may live to see
That begging in a little time the only trade will be.

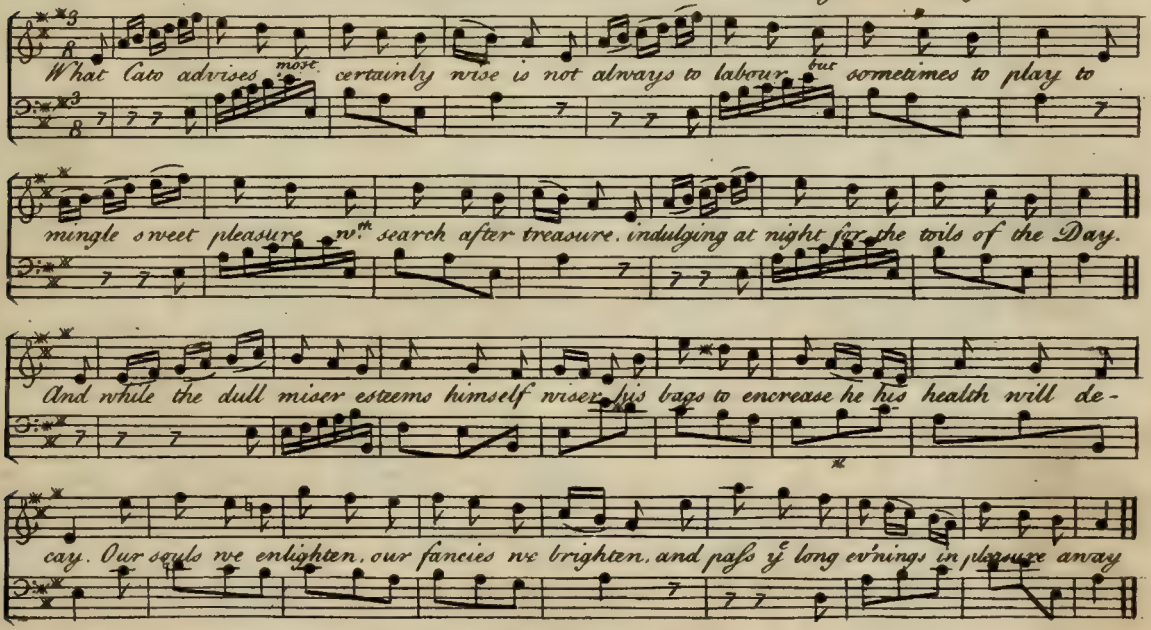
Flute



Publish'd according to Act of Parliament August 2. 1743

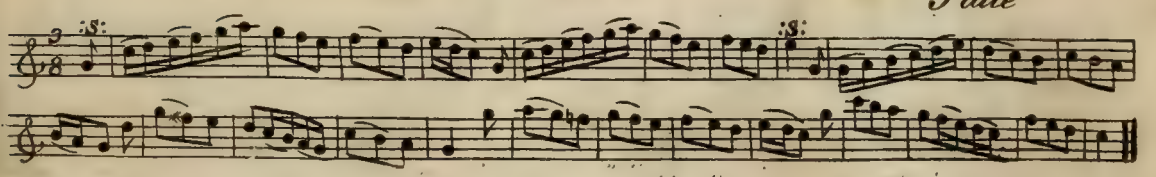
Cato's Advice

set by Mr. Carey


What Cato advises most certainly wise is not always to labour but sometimes to play to
mingle sweet pleasure wth search after treasure. indulging at night for the toils of the Day.
And while the dull miser esteems himself wiser his bags to encrease he his health will de-
cay. Our souls we enlighten, our fancies we brighten, and pass ỹ long ev'nings in pleasure away

All chearful and hearty We set aside party
With some tender fair each bright bumper is crown'd
Thus Bacchus invites us thus Venus delights us
While care in an Ocean of Claret is drown'd
See here's our physician we know no Ambition
But where there's good wine & good company found
Thus happy together in spite of all weather
Tis sunshine & summer with us ỹ year round

Flute



The Ardent Lover

Believe my Sighs my Tears my Dear, Relieve y. Heart you've won believe my

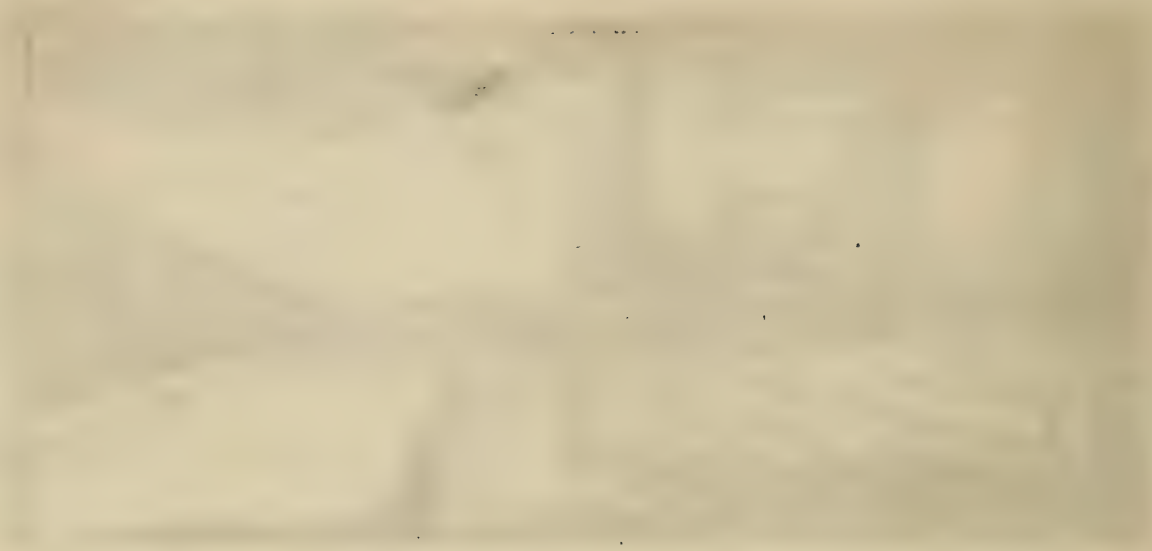
Vows to you Sincere, Or Moggy I'm undone, You say I'm Fickle & apt to change at

every Face that's new Of all y. Girls I ever saw I ne'er Lov'd one but you.

My heart was like a Lump of Ice,
Till warm'd by your Bright Eye;
And then it kindled in a Trice,
A Flame that ne'er can die.

Then take & try me & you shall find,
That I've a heart thats true;
Of all the Girls I ever saw,
I ne'er Lov'd One like you.

Flute



Publishid according to Act of Parliam.t July 9. 1743

Orpheus and Euridice set by Mr. Boyce

When Orpheus went down to the Regions below, which men are forbidden to see he tund up his
Lyre as old historys shew to set his Euridice free, to set his Euridice free All hell was astonishid a
person so wise should rashly endanger his life and venture so far but how vast their surprize when they
heard that he came for his wife. how vast their surprize when they heard that he came for his wife

To find out a punishment due to the fault
Old pluto had puzzld his brain
But hell had not torments sufficient he thought
So he gave him his wife back again he gave him &c.
But pity Succeeding soon vanquishd his heart
And pleasid with his playing so well
He took her again in reward of his art
Such power had musick in hell, in reward &c.

Flute

Advice to Chloe

Dear Chloe while thus beyond measure you treat me wth doubts & Disdain you rob all your
Youth of its Pleasure and hoard up an old age of Pain: your Maxim that love is still founded on
Charms y^t will quickly decay; you'll find to be very ill groun--ded When once you its dictates o---bey

2

The Love that from Beauty is drawn,
By kindness you ought to improve;
Soft looks & gay smiles are the dawn,
Fruition's the sun shine of Love:
And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes,
Should be clouded that now are so gay;
And darkness obscure all the skies,
You ne'er can forget it was day.

3

Old Darby with Joan by his side,
You've often regarded with wonder:
Tho dropsical she is dym'd,
Yet they're ever uneasy a sunder:
Together they totter about,
Or sit in the sun at the door;
And at Night when old Darby's pots out,
His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

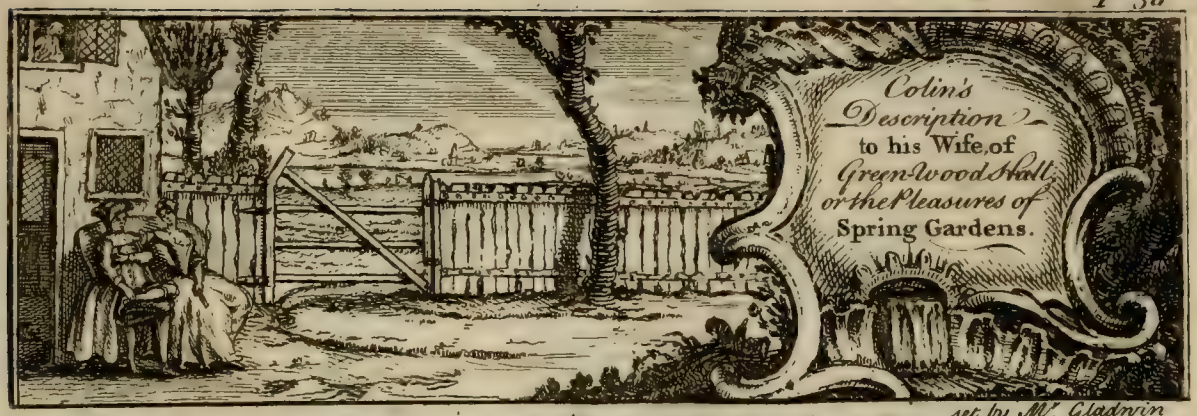
4

No Beauty nor wit they posess
Their several failings to smother;
Then what are the charms can you guess,
That makes them so fond of each other:
Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
The Endearments which youth did bestow;
The thoughts of past pleasure & truth,
The best of our Blessings below.

5

Those traces for ever will last,
No sickness or time can remove;
For when youth & Beauty are past,
And age bring the winter of Love:
A Friendship insensibly grows,
By reviews of such raptures as these;
The Current of Fondness still flows,
Which decrepit old Age cannot freeze.

Flute



Colin's Description to his Wife, of Green-Wood Hall, or the Pleasures of Spring Gardens.

set by Mr. Gladwin

O! Mary soft in fea-ture, I've been at dear Vauxhall: No Pa-ra-dise is sweeter Not that they E-den call At Night such new va-ga-ries such gay & harmless sport. All look'd like Gi-ant fai-ries And this their Mo-narch's Court

1
Methought, when first I enter'd
Such splendors round me shone
Into a world I ventur'd
Where rose another sun
Whilst music never cloying
As sky larks sweet I hear
The sound I'm still enjoying
They'll always sooth my Ear

2
Here Paintings sweetly glowing
Where e'er our glances fall
Here colours life bestowing
Bedeck this green-wood hall
The King their dubs a Farmer *
Their John his doxy loves *
But my delight the Charmer
Who steels a pair of gloves. *

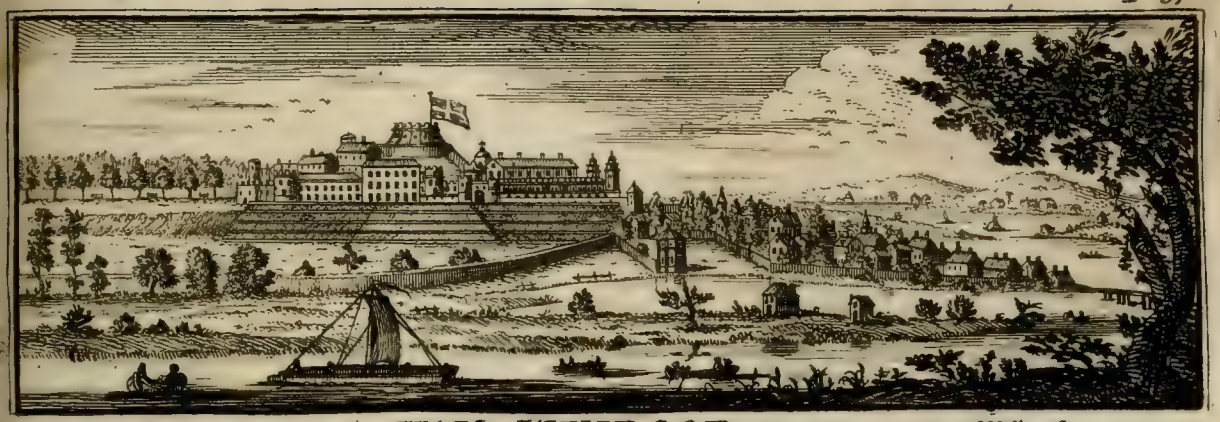
3
As still amaz'd I'm straying
O'er this inchanted grove
I spy a Harper † playing
All in his proud alcove
I doff my hat desiring
Him tune up Buxom Joan
But what was I admiring
Odzooks! a man of Stone

4
But now the Tables spreading
They all fall to with glee
Not ev'n at 'squir's fine wedding,
Such dainties did I see
I lang'd (poor starv'ling rover)
But none heed country elves
These folk with lace dawb'd over
Love only dear themselves

5
Thus whilst 'mid joys abounding
As grashoppers they're gay
At distance crouds surrounding
The Lady of the May. ‡
The Man i'th' moon t'ineer'd slily
Soft twinkl'ing thro' the Trees
As tho' 'twould please him highly
To taste delights like these.

Flute

* Alluding to three picaures in the pavilions. viz The King and the Miller of Mansfield. The Sailors in a tippling house in Wapping: And the girl stealing a kiss from a Decayed Gentleman.
† Mr Handels Statue. ‡ Her Royal Highness the princess of Wales sitting under her splendid pavilion.



HAIL WINDSOR

Unison. sung by Mr. Love.

Larghetto

Hail Windsor crownd wth lofty

Tow'rs where nature wantons at her will decks ev'ry Vale wth fruits & flowers with

wa---ving trees adorns each hill

Like Mars wth Venus in his Arms

like his thy strength like hers thy charms like his thy strength like hers thy charms

When o'er thy Plains I stretch mine eyes,
Pleas'd with thy prospects unconfind;
A thousand scens before me rise,
A thousand beauties charm my mind.
Tho. different each, yet each agrees,
Nor this, nor that, but all things please.

Thus Strephon views his lovely Fair
From Charm to Charm in raptures lost
Yet not her face nor shape nor Air
Nor yet her Eyes transport him most
But 'tis the Heavenly finish'd whole
With matchless Grace delights his soul

Flute.

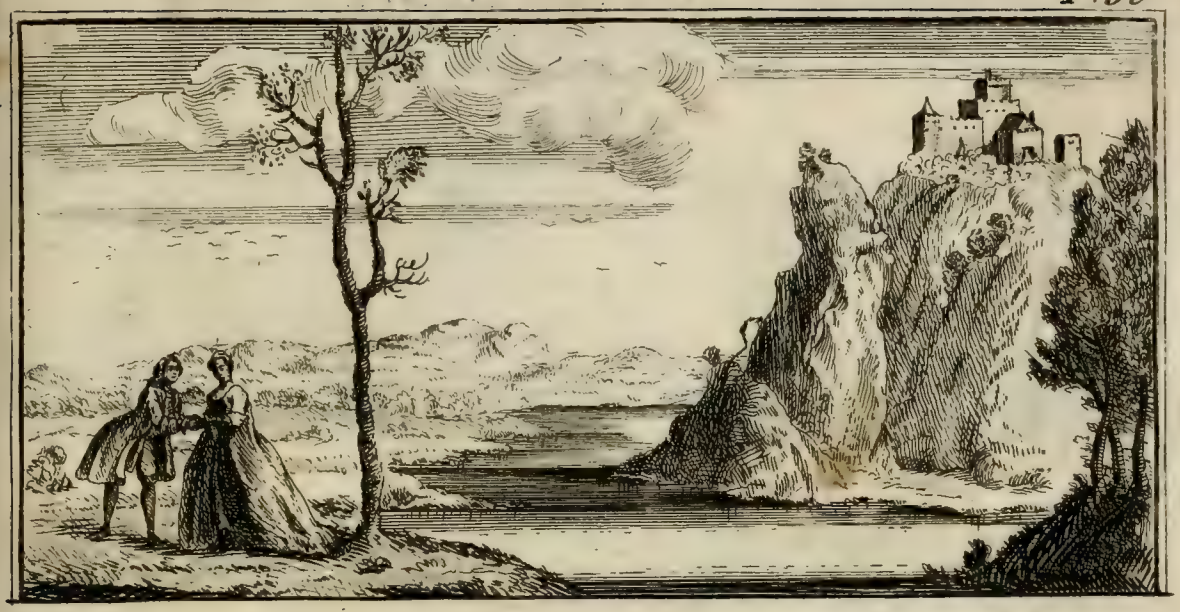
When Fanny, Blooming fair, First met my ravish'd sight, Caught
with her shape & air, I felt a strange delight: Whilst ca-gerly I gaz'd, ad-
miring ev-ry part, I ev-ry Fea-ture praisd, she stole in-to my Heart

2
In her bewitching Eyes,
Young smiling Loves appears,
There Cupid basking lyes,
His Shafts are hoarded there;
Her Blooming cheeks are dyd,
With Colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride,
Of Roses newly blown,

3
Her well turnd limbs confess
The lucky hand of Jove
Her Features all express
The Beauteous Queen of Love
What Flames my nerves invade
When I behold the Breast
Of that too lovely Maid
Rise owing to be prest

4
Venus round Fanny's waste
Hath her own Cestus Bound
With Guardian Cupids grac'd
Who Sport the circle round
How happy will he be
Who shall her Zone unlose
That bliss to all but me
May Heavn and she refuse

Flute



Senisino

As musing I rang'd in y^e^ meads all alone A beautiful Creature was making her moan

Oh the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes. & she pierc'd both y^e^ Air & my heart with her

Cries. Oh the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes. & she pierc'd both y^e^ Air & my heart w^th^ her Cries

2

I gently requested the Cause of her moan
She told me her sweet Senisino was flown
And in y^e^ sad Pasture shed ever remain
Unless y^e^ dear Charmer would come back again

3

Why who is this Mortal so Cruel said I
That draws such a stream from so lovely an Eye
To beauty so blooming what man can be blind
To Passion so tender what Monster unkind.

4

'Tis neither for Man, nor for Woman said she
That thus in Lamenting I water the tee
My warbler Celestial sweet darling of Fame
Is a Shadow of something a Sex without Name

5

Perhaps 'tis some Linnet some Blackbird said I
Perhaps 'tis your Lark that has soar'd to y^e^ Sky
Come dry up your Tears & abandon y^e^ grief
I'll bring you another to give you relief

6

No Linnet, no Blackbird no Sky lark, said she
But one much more tuneful by far than all three
My sweet Senisino, for whom thus I cry
Is sweeter than all y^e^ wing'd Songsters that fly

7

Adieu Farinelli Cuzzoni likewise
Whom Stars & whom Garters exalt to the Skies
Adieu to the Opera Adieu to the ball
My darling is gone & a fig for them all

Fair Sally set by Dr. Greene

Hearty

Fair Sally lovd a bonny Seaman With tears she sent him out to roam Young Thomas

lovd no other woman, But left his heart with her at home She view'd y sea from off the

hill, and while she turnd y spinning wheel, Sung of her bonny Seaman.

The Winds blew loud and she grew paler,
To see the weather cock turn round;
When lo! she spy'd her bonny Sailor,
Come Singing o'er the fallow ground:
With nimble haste he leap'd the style,
And Sally met him with a smile,
And hug'd her bonny Sailor.

Fast round the waste he took his Sally,
But first around his mouth wipd he;
Like homebred spark he could not dally,
But kiss'd, and press'd her with a glee:
Thro winds and waves, and dashing rain,
Cry'd he, thy Tom's returnd again,
And brings a heart for Sally.

Wellcome she cry'd, my constant Thomas,
Tho' out of sight never out of mind;
Our hearts, tho Seas have parted from us,
Yet they my thoughts did leave behind:
So much my thoughts took Tommy's part,
That to me no Absence from my heart,
Could drive my constant Thomas

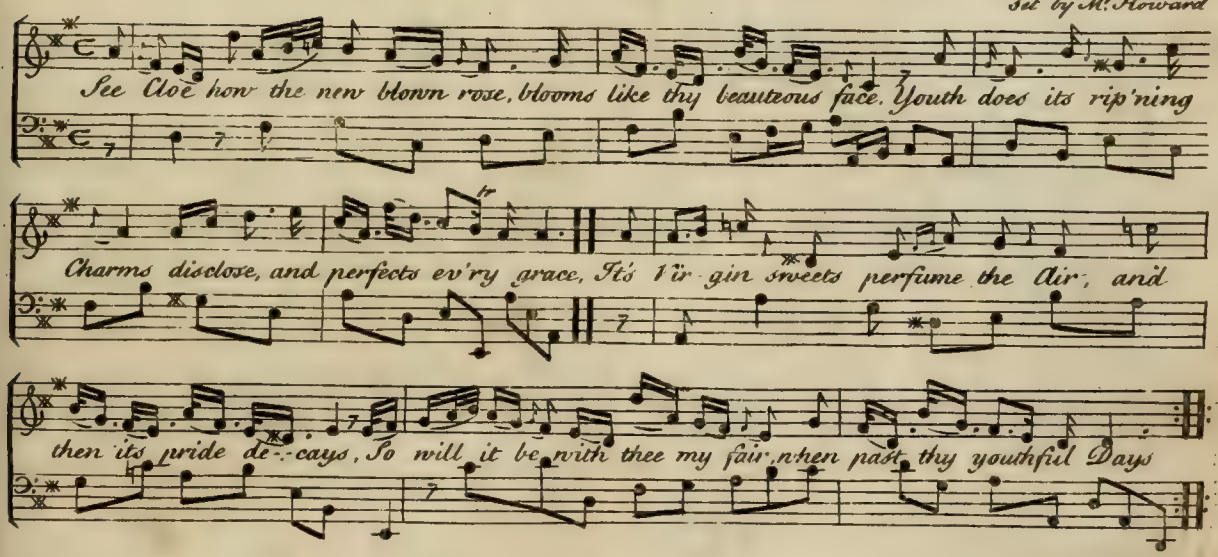
This knife the gift of lovely Sally
I still have kept for her dear sake
A thousand times in amorous Folly
Thy Name I've carv'd upon the Deck
Again this happy Pledge returns
To tell how truely Thomas burns
How truly burns for Sally

This thimble didst thou give to Sally
Whilst this I see I think of you
Then why does Tom stand still, I shall I
While yonder Steeples in our View
Tom never to occasion blind
Now took her in the coming mind
And went to Church with Sally

Flute

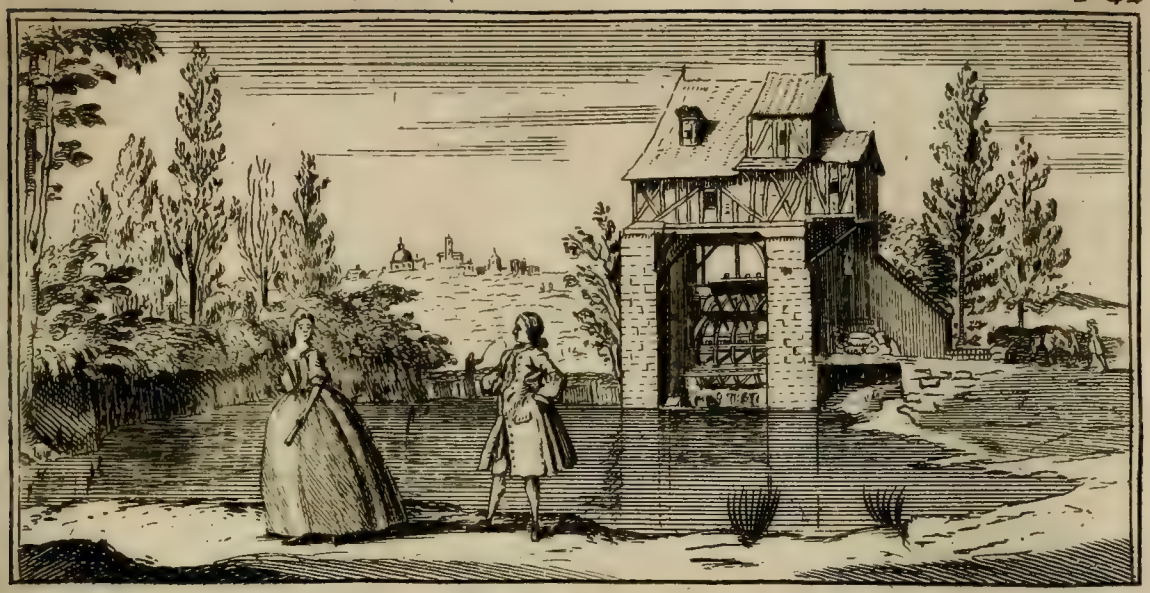
Advice to Cloe.

Set by Mr. Howard


See Cloe how the new blown rose, blooms like thy beauteous face. Youth does its rip'ning
Charms disclose, and perfects ev'ry grace, Its Vir gin sweets perfume the Air, and
then its pride de cays, So will it be with thee my fair, when past thy youthful Days

2

No April can revive thy Charms,
No Sun can light thine Eyes;
Soft Love will leave thy snowy arms,
When age begins to rise:
Then Cloe let my passion move
Thy pity for my pain
Obey the voice of gentle love
Love, and be Lov'd again



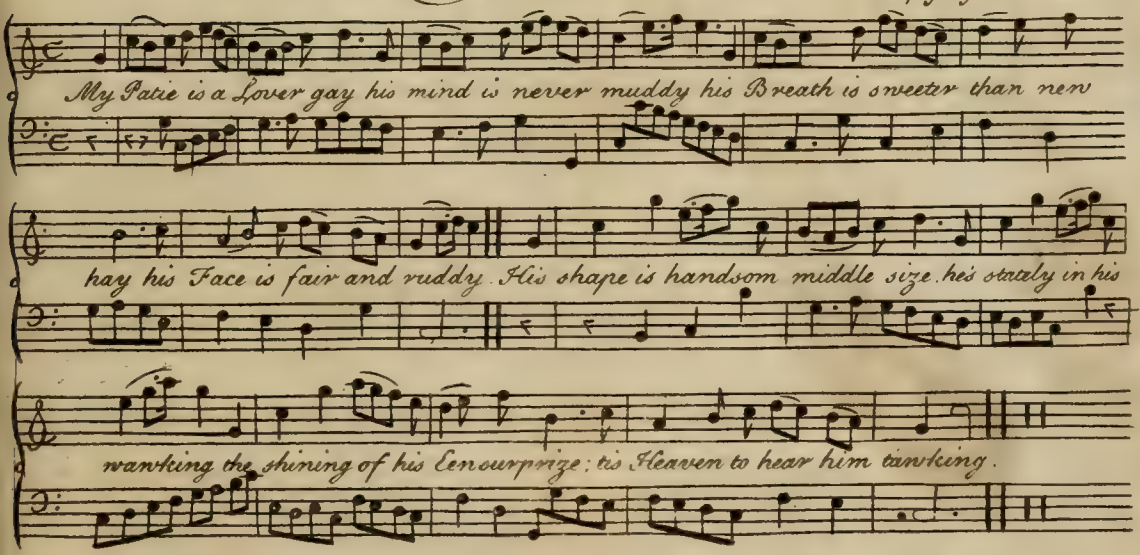
A Truth, set by Mr. Prelleur

Women formd by Nature Coy, blush to give or take ye. Joy Man by nature warm & brave must to win them be a slave Fawn & flatter sigh and whine Call their mortal Charms call their mortal charms divine When the Idol thus we please Female pri de deceivid Female pride deceivid obeys

For the German & Common Flutes

Corn Riggs are Bonny

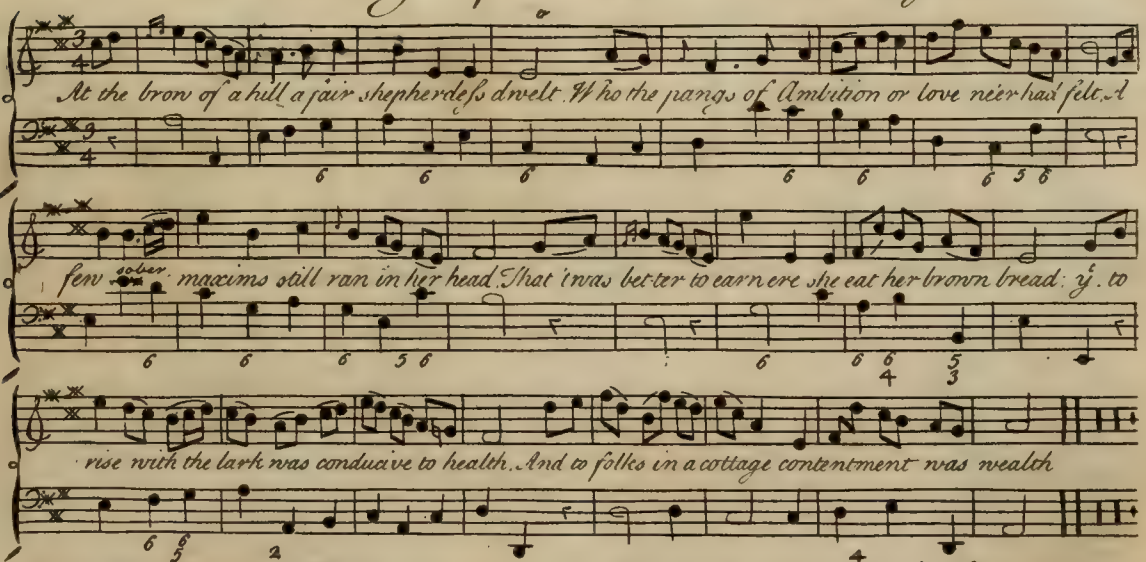
in Compass of the Flute


My Patie is a Lover gay his mind is never muddy his Breath is sweeter than new
hay his Face is fair and ruddy His shape is handsom middle size he's stately in his
wanking the shining of his Een ourprize; tis Heaven to hear him tanking.

Last Night I met him on a Bank
Where yellow Corn was growing
There mony a kindly Word he spake
That set my heart a glowing
He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine
And lov'd me best of ony
That gars me like to sing sinsyne
O Corn Riggs are bonny

Let Maidens of a silly a mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting
Since we for yielding are design'd
We chastly should be granting
Then I'll comply & marry Pate
And syne my Cockernony
He's free to touzle air or late
Where Corn Riggs are bonny

The Lass of the Hill set to Musick by Mr. Howard


At the brow of a hill a fair shepherdess dwelt. Who the pangs of Ambition or love never had felt. A
few sober maxims still ran in her head That 'twas better to earn ere she eat her brown bread: & to
rise with the lark was conducive to health. And to folks in a cottage contentment was wealth

Young Roger that lived in the Valley below
Who at church and at market was reckond a beau
Would oftentimes cry o'er her heart to prevail
And would rest on his pitchfork to tell her his tale
With his winning behavior he so wrought on her heart
That quite artless her self she suspected no art

2

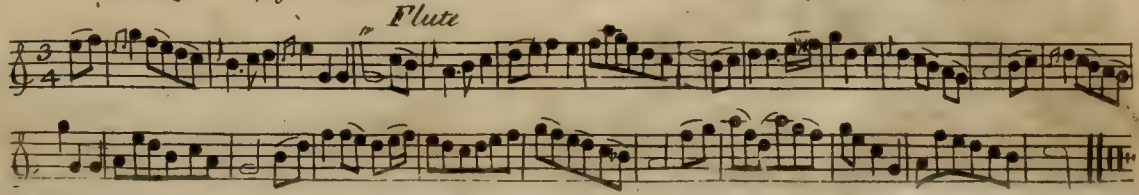
He flatterd, protested, he kneeld and implord:
And would lie with the grandeur and air of a lord
Her eyes he commended in language well dreft
And enlargd on the tortures he felt in his breast
With his Sighs and his tears he so softend her mind
That in downright compassion to love she inclind

But as soon as he'd melted the ice of her breast
The heat of his passion in a moment decreasd.
And now he goes launching all o'er the vale
And boasts of his conquests to Susan and Nell
Tho he sees her but seldom he's always in haste
And whenever he mentions her makes her his jest

5

Take heed ye young Virgins of Britons gay Isle
How you venture your hearts for a look or a smile
For young Cupid is artful and Virgins are frail
And you'll find a false Roger in every vale
Who to court you and tempt you will try all their skill
But remember the lass at the brow of the hill

Flute



The Forsaken Maid

Glide gently on, thou murmring brook & sooth my tender Grief; Twas here the Fatal

Wound I took 'tis here I seek Relief. With Silvia on this verdent Shore I fondly sat re-

clind, Believ'd the Charming things he Swore too credu-lous-ly kind, too credulously kind

While thus he said this purling Stream
Back to its Spring shall Pow,
O Pastorella! e'er my Flame
The least decay shall know.
Ye conscious Waves roll back again,
Back to your Chrystal head
The false ungrateful perjur'd Swain,
Has broke the Vows he made. Has broke &c.

Perhaps some fairer Shepherdess
His faithless breast has warm'd,
And those kind Vows & soft address
Her Guildless Heart has charm'd.
But tell the Nymph thou gentle Stream
If e'er she visits Thee,
The treach'rous Youth has vow'd y^e same
Yet broke his Faith with me Yet broke &c.

Flute

The Disconsolate Lover

Set by Mr. Howard

Why heaves my fond bosom? Ah! what can it mean? Why flutters my heart nr. ch was once so se-rene

Why this sighing, and trembling, when Daphne is near? or why when she's ab-sent this sorrow & fear or

why when she's absent, this sorrow and fear.

2

For ever, methinks, I with wonder could trace,
The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face;
Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find,
With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy mind.

3

Untainted with folly, unsullied by pride,
There native good humour, and virtue reside;
Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply,
With Compassion for him, who without thee must die.

The Contented Farmer. Set by Mr Carey

Vivace forte

What care I for affairs of State, or who is Rich or who is Great How far a-

broad the Ambitious roam, to bring or Gold or Silver home what is't to

me, if France, or Spain consent to Peace or Wars maintain

I pay my Taxes, Peace or War,
And wish all well at Gibralter;
But mind a Cardinal no more,
Then any other Scarlet Whore;
Grant me ye powrs but health & rest,
And let who will the World contest.

Flute

The Farmer's Wish.

Set by Mr Carey.

Lento

Near some smooth stream Oh let me keep my liber - ty & feed my Sheep

A shady walk well lin'd with Trees a Garden with a range of Bees

an Orchard which good Apples bear where Spring a long green Mandevears

Where Winters never are severe
Good Barly Land to make good Beer
With Entertainment for a friend
To spend in peace my latter end
In honest ease and home spun grey
And let the Evening Crown the Day

Flute

The Hunting Song in Apollo and Daphne

The sweet Rosy Morn peeps over the Hills with Blushes adorning the Meadows

and Fields the Merry Merry Merry Horns calls come come come away a-

wake from your slumber and hail the new Day the

2

The Stag rouz'd before us
Away seems to fly
And pants to the Chorus
Of hounds in full Cry
Cho Then follow follow follow follow
The Musical Chace
Where pleasure and Vigrous
Health you embrace

3

The Days sport when over
Makes blood circle right
And gives the Brisk Lover
Fresh charms for the night
Cho. Then let us let us now enjoy
All wee can while wee may
Let Love Iron in the night
As our sports Crown the Day

Flute

The Dying Swan

Affettuoso

I was on a Rivers verdant side Just at the Close of Day a dying
Swan with Musick try'd to chase her cares away.

2
And though she ne'er had streacht her throat
Nor tun'd her Voice before
Death ravisht with so sweet a note
A while I stroke forbore

3
Farewel she cry'd you silver streams
Ye purling Streams adieu
Where Phabus us'd to dart her beams
And blest both me and you

4
Farewel the tender whistling reeds
Soft scenes of happy Love
Farewel ye bright enamel'd meads
Where I was us'd to rove

5
No more with you may I converse
See yonders setting sun
Attend whilst I my last rehearse
And then I must be gone

6
Weep not my tender constant mate
We'll meet again below
It is the kind decree of Fate
And I with pleasure go

Flute

TO SYLVIA

set by Mr. Lampe

Affettuosa

If Truth can fix thy

vav'ring heart, let Damon urge his claim, He feels the paſſion void of art the pure and constant

Flame.

Tho' sighing swains their torments tell their sensual love con-

temn, they only prize the beau-teous shell, but slight the inward Gem, but slight the inward Gem.

Poſeſſion cures the wounded heart,
Destroys the transient fire;
But when the mind receives the dart,
Enjoyment whets desire.
Your charms each slavish sense controul,
A Tyrant's short liv'd reign,
But milder reason rules the soul,
Nor time can break the chain.

By Age your beauties will decay
Your mind improves with years
As when the bloſsoms fade away
The ripening fruit appears
May heav'n and Sylvia grant my suit
And bleſs each future hour
That Damon, who can taste the fruit
May gather ev'ry flower

A New Cantata

by Sig.r Anglosini

Recit.

Whilst Seraphun on fair Chloe hung. & gently woo'd & sweetly sung. y.e nymph in a disdainful air thus smiling mock'd y.e shep.d

Aria Andante

Care swains I know that you discover in my form a thousand charms. can you point me out a lover worthy my encircling Arms

Boy no more approach my beauty till you equal merit boast, to a-dore me is a du-ty thousands witness to their

Aria All.o

Recit

Lost. stung to the heart the redning swain. on the vain maid re-to-------rts again foolish creature did each feature

bloom beyond the pow'rs of nature. Artfull feigning. Coy disdaining, vain coquet destroy them all, go o'erbearing proud ensnaring

Coy a thousand fops despairing, then complying. sighing, dying. to some fool a victim fall nymphs like you whilst their de

ceivings, Angels all in front appear but y.e So-------t their Ar-rts believing but y.e sot their arts behaving finds y.e devil in y.e mar

Ariadne . set by Mr. Handel

How is it possible, how can I forbear So many charms all a-round you wear

Thy ev'ry part hath such power to move, who sees admires, & who knows you doth

Love, & who knows you doth Love In vain you do command away, methinks to thee I'd

e---ver grow while you remain then must I stay, when you depart then I must go. D.C

Flute

D.C

The Melancholly Nymph

set by Mr Handle

'Twas when the Seas were roaring with Hallow Blasts of Wind A Damsel Lay deploring all
on a Rock reclind Wide o'er the rolling Billow She cast a wishful Look Her Head was
Crownd with willows that Trembled o'er the Brook

1
Twelve Months were gone & over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou venterous Lover,
Why didst thou trust the Seas:
Cease cease thou Cruel Ocean
And let my Lover rest
Ah! whats the troubled motion
To that within my Breast

2
The Marchant robd of Pleasure
Pains Tempests in despair
But whats the loss of Treasure
To the loosing of my Dear
Should you some Coast be laid on
Where Gold and Diamonds grow
Yould find a Richer Maiden
But none that loves you so

3
How can they say that Nature,
Has nothing made in Vain;
Why then beneath the water
Doe hideous Rocks remain
No Eyes the Rocks discover
That lurk beneath the Deep
To wrack the wand'ring Lover
And leave the Maid to Weep

4
All Melancholly Laying,
Thus waild She for her Dear
Repaid each blast with sighing
Each Billow with a Tear
When o'er y^e white waves stooping
His floating Corps she spy'd
Then like a Lilly drooping
She bow'd her head & dy'd

Flute

The Jolly Bachanalians

set by Mr. Galliard

Jolly Mortals fill your Glasses no-ble deeds are done by Wine
Scorn the Nymph scorn the Nymph and all her Graces who'd for
love or beauty pi-ne who'd for Love or beauty pine

2

Look within the Bowl thats flowing
And a thousand Charms you'll find
More than Phillis tho' just going
In the Moment to be kind In the ec

3

Alexander hated thinking
Drank about at Council board
He subdu'd the World by drinking
More than by his Conquering sword more ec

Flute

The Wish

Set by M.r Lampe

Larghetto

Come gen---tle

God of so---ft repose, and charm my soul to rest; In thy embraces let---- me

loose the cares that rack my breast. Ari--se ye dear deceits, arise, and dreſs'd in

Da---------mon's form, my lo--ng expecting, ni---shing eyes with his re-semblance

charm, with his resem--blance charm.

Why rove my thoughts on fancied bliss
Which only dreams bestow
For oh when'er the morn appears
I wake to real woe
The envious light, from my sad eyes
Drives ev'ry sence away
With night the lovely phantom flies
And leaves me lost in day. & leaves &c.

Since waking, then, I'm so distreſs'd
And pleasures fled with him
Since sleeping, only, I am bleſs'd
Let life be all a dream
Those melting sounds still let me hear
That did his flame impart
Which, bleft with love my listning ear
And pierc'd my yielding heart. & pierc'd &c.

The Advice

set by Mr. Handel

Mortals wisely learn to measure Life by the extent of Joy Life is

sho---rt and fleeting Pleasure,

then be gay whilst you may And your Hours in Mirth employ

2

Never let a Mistress pain you,
Tho' she meets you with a frown
Fly to Wine 'twill soon unchain you
Chear thy heart
And all smart
In a sweet Oblivion drown

3

If Love's fiercer flames should seize thee
To some gentle Maid repair
She'll with soft Endearments ease thee
On her Breast
Lull'd to Rest
Eas'd of Love & free from Care

4

Friendship Wine and Love united
From all Ills defend the Mind
By them guarded and delighted
Happy State
Smile at Fate
And leave Sorrows to the Wind

Flute

Damon and Celia, set by Mr. Cannington

As Celia near a Fountain lay her Eyelids clos'd with Sleep; Sleep the Shepherd Damon chanc'd that
As Celia near a Fountain lay her Eyelids clos'd with Sleep; Sleep the Shepherd Damon chanc'd that
way to drive his Flock of Sheep, to dri - - -

RURAL LIFE

set by Mr. Howard

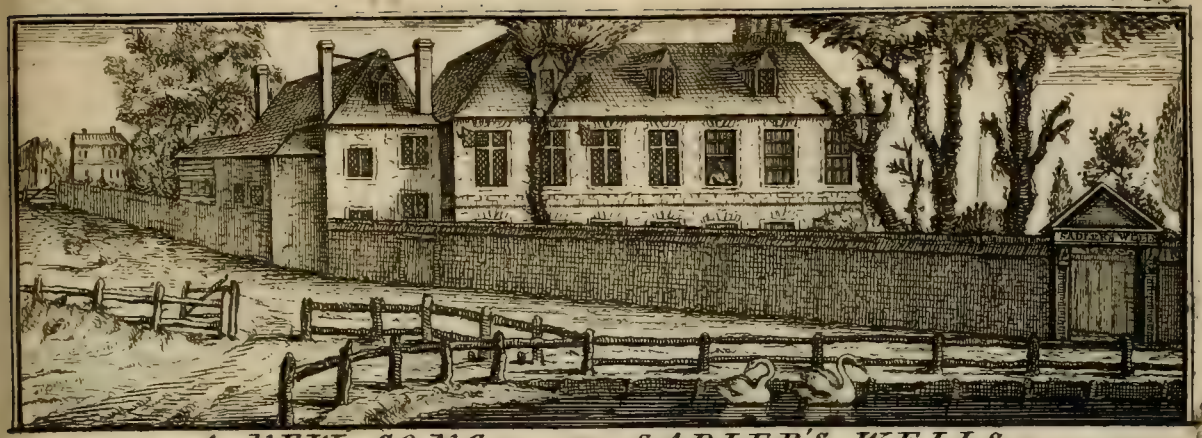
How happy is the Maid, who lives a rural life: by no falce Views betray'd, to know domestic strife no paſsion sways her mind, or wishes to be great, to humble hopes confin'd, she shuns the flattring bait, To humble hopes confin'd, she shuns the flattring bait.

2

Her soul with cold disdain
Above the pomp of pride
Beholds the rich and vain
In gilded fetters tied
While titles wealth and pow'r
The gaudy scene display
And pageants of an hour
In darkneſs glide away

3

But if some gentle boy
Her faithful bosom share
He doubles all her joy
And leſsens all her care
Their moments on the wing
The mutal bliſs improve
And give perpetual spring
To virtue truth and love



A NEW SONG on SADLER'S WELLS.

Set by Mr. Brett.

sym

It Eve when Silvan's shady scene is clad with

spreading branches green & vary'd sweets all round display'd to grace the pleasant flow'-ry meads

then those who are willing Joy-s to taste where pleasures flow & blessings last &

God of health in transport dwells & God of health in transport dwells must all re-pair to Sadler's Wells

There pleasant streams of Middleton,
In gentle Murmurs glide along;
In which the sporting Fishes play,
To close each weary'd Summers day:
And Musicks Charms in lulling sounds,
Of Mirth and Harmony's abounds;
While Nymphs & swains w^th beaus & belles,
All praise the Joys of Sadler's Wells

The Herds around o'er Herbage green,
And bleating Flocks are sporting seen;
While Phœbus with its brightest Rays,
The fertile soil doth seem to praise;
And Zephyrs with their gentlest Gales,
Breathing more sweets than flow'ry Vales;
Which give new Health, and Heat repells,
Such are the Joys of Sadlers Wells

Flute

Old Chiron's Advice to Achilles

Largo

Old Chiron thus Preach'd to his Pupil A-chilles. I'le tell you I'le

Old Chiron thus Preach'd to his Pupil A-chilles I'le

tell you young Gentleman what y^e Fate's will is; you my Boy you my Boy must

tell you young Gentleman what y^e Fate's will is; you my Boy you my Boy must

go must go the Gods will have it so, to the Siege of Troy thence never to re-

go must go the Gods will have it so to the Siege of Troy thence

turn, thence never to return, never to return never to return to Greece a-

never to return thence never to re-turn never to return to Greece a

gain, but before those Walls to be Slain, but before those Walls to be

gain but before those Walls to be Slain but before those

Slain. be-fore those Walls, those Walls to be Slain.

Walls to be Slain be-fore those Walls to be Slain.

Set by Mr. Wise

Allegro. Let not your noble Courage be cast down Let not yr. noble Courage

Let not yr. noble Courage be cast down Let not yr. noble Courage be cast down

be cast down Let not yr. noble Courage Let not yr. noble Courage be cast down

Let not yr. noble Courage be cast down Let not yr. noble Courage be cast down

but all the while you lye before the Town Drink all the while drink all the while you

but all the while you lye before the Town Drink all the while drink all the while you

lye before the Town drink and drive care away drink and be Merry, you'll

lye before the Town drink and drive care away drink and be Merry

néer go the sooner you'll néer go the sooner you'll néer go the

you'll néer go the sooner the sooner you'll néer go the

sooner to the Stygian Ferry

sooner to the Stygian Ferry

Florimel

The Charms of Florimel, no force of Time or Art shall sever from my heart; But ever to the world I'll tell the Charms of beautrous Florimel

2
Each Rock and Sunny hill,
The flowry meads & Groves,
Shall say Martello Loves,
And Eccho shall be taught to tell,
The Charms, &c.

3
Each Tree within the Vale,
That on its Back doth wear,
The Triumphs of my Fair;
To future Times in Verse shall tell,
The Charms, &c.

4
Each Brook and purling rill,
Shall on its bubbling Stream,
Convey the Virgins Name,
And as it rolls in murmurs tell
The Charms, &c.

5
The silvan Gods that dwell,
Amidst this Sacred Grove,
Shall wonder at my Love
Whilst eviry Sound conspirs to tell
The Charms of beautrous Florimel

Flute

The Life of a Beau

sung by Mrs Clive

How brimfull of Nothing's the Life of a Beau, they've Nothing to think of they've Nothing to do. Nor they've Nothing to talk of for Nothing they know such such is the Life of a Beau, a Beau a Beau such such is the Life of a Beau

2

For Nothing they rise but to draw ye fresh Air
Spend the morning in nothing but curling their hair
And do nothing all day but sing, saunter & stare
Such Such is the Life of a Beau

3

For nothing at night to ye Playhouse they croud
For to mind nothing done there they always are proud
But to bow, & to grin & talk - nothing aloud
Such Such is the Life of a Beau

4

For nothing they run to th' Assembly & Ball,
And for nothing at Cards a fair partner call
For they still must be beasted who've - nothing at all
Such Such is the Life of a Beau

5

For nothing on Sundays at church they appear
For they've nothing to hope nor they've nothing to fear
They can be nothing no where who - nothing are here
Such Such is the Life of a Beau

Flute

Guardian Angels

set by Mr Handel

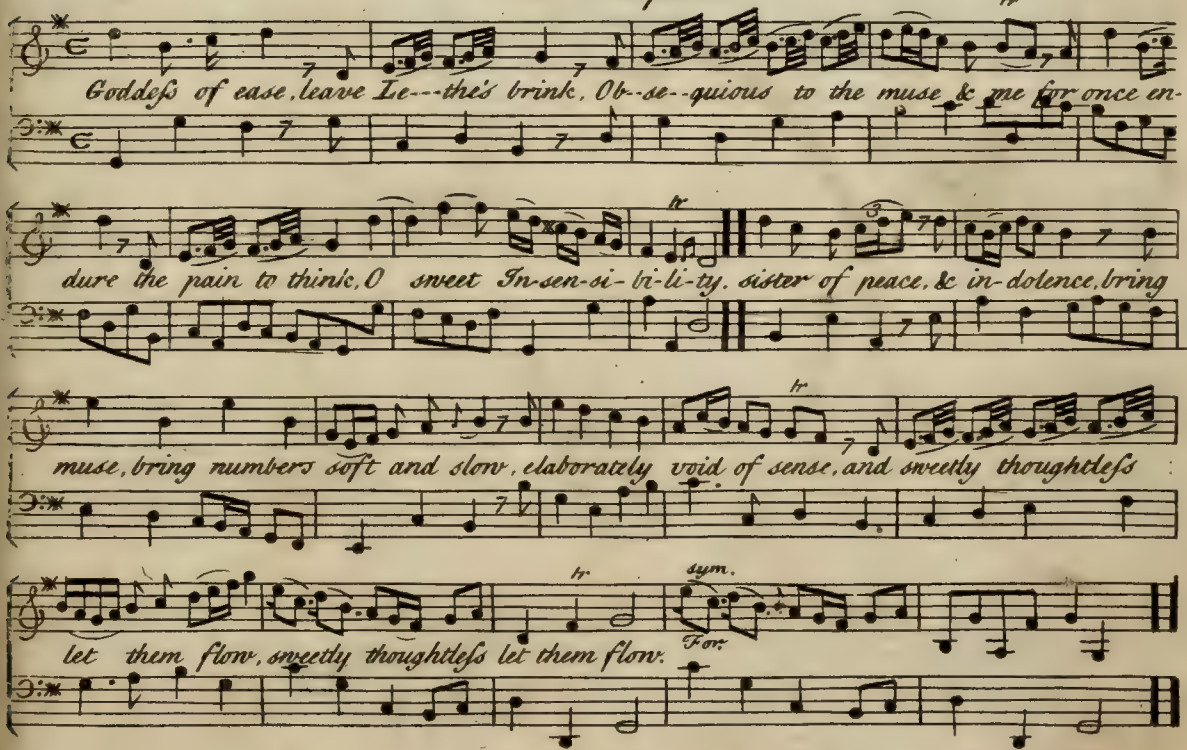
Guardian Angels now protect me send to me the swain I love Cupid with thy Bow di-
rect me help me all ye Pow'rs above Bear him my sighs ye gentle Breezes tell him I love.
I despair tell him for him I grieve say 'tis for him I live O may the shepherd be sincere.

Through the shady[2] Grove I'll wander
Silent as the bird of Night
Near the Brink of yonder[2] fountain
First Leander blest'd my sight
Witness ye Groves and falls of Water
Echos repeat the Vows he swore
Can he forget me will he neglect me
Shall I never see him more

Does he love and[3] yet forsake me
To admire a Nymph more fair
If 'tis so I'll wear[2] the Willow
And esteem the happy Pair
Some lonely Cave I'll make my Dwelling
Ne'er more the Cares of Life pursue
The Lark and Philomel only shall hear me tell
What bids me bid the World adieu

Flute

The Request


Goddess of ease, leave Le---the's brink, Ob--se--quious to the muse & me for once en-
dure the pain to think, O sweet In-sen-si-bi-li-ty, sister of peace, & in-dolence, bring
muse, bring numbers soft and slow, elaborately void of sense, and sweetly thoughtless
let them flow, sweetly thoughtless let them flow.
tr
sym.
For.

2

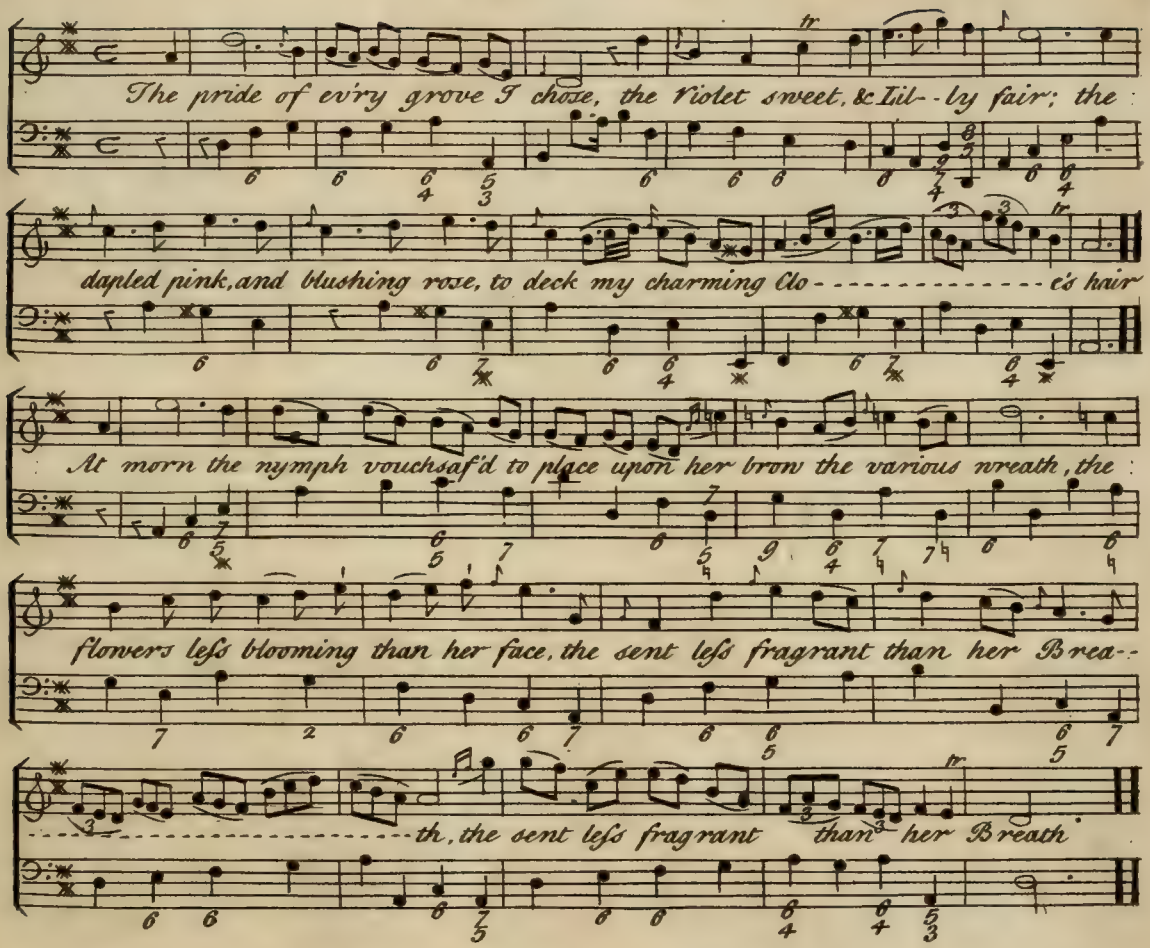
Near to some Cowslips painted mead,
There let me doze away dull hours
And under me let Flora spread
A Sopha of her softest flowers
Where philomel, your notes you breathe
Forth from behind the neighbouring pine
Whilst murmurs of the stream beneath
Still flow in unison with thine

3

For The, O Idleness! the woes
Of life we patiently endure,
Thou art the source, whence labour flows
We shun The, but to make The sure.
For who'd endure wars toil & waste
Or who th' hoarse thundering of the Sea
But to be Idle at the last
And find a pleasing end in thee.

THE GARLAND

set by Mr. Weideman


The pride of ev'ry grove I chose, the Violet sweet, & Lil- - ly fair; the
dapled pink, and blushing rose, to deck my charming Clo - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - e's hair
At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place upon her brow the various wreath, the
flowers less blooming than her face, the scent less fragrant than her Brea- -
th, the scent less fragrant than her Breath

2

The Flow'rs she wore along the day;
And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay,
Than glowing in their native bed.
Undrest at evining, when she found,
Their Odours lost, their colour past,
She chang'd her look, & on the ground,
Her garland and her eye she cast.

3

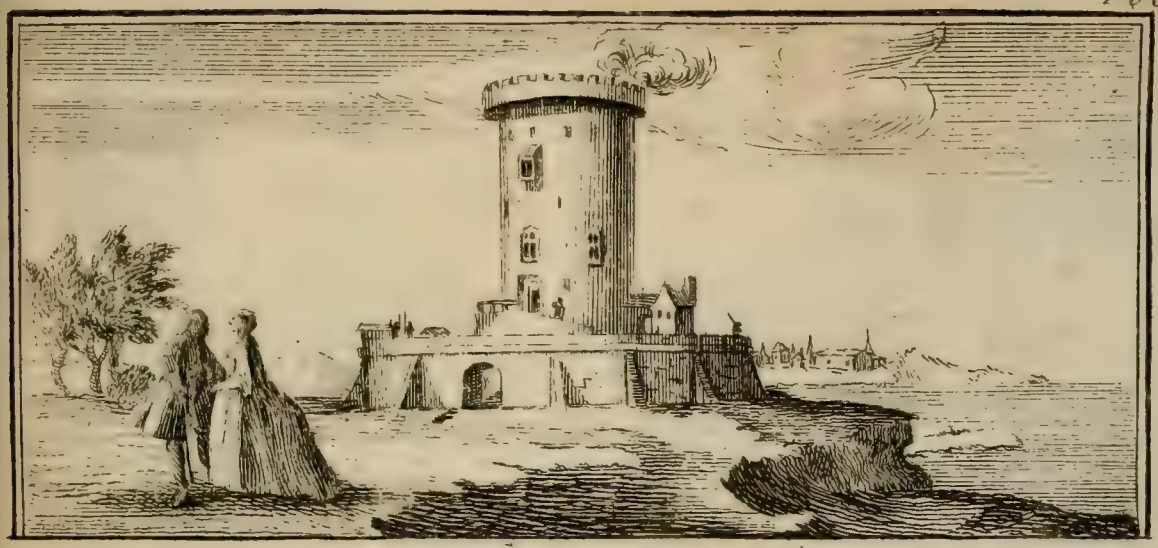
That eye dropt sense, distinct & clear,
As any muse's tongue cou'd speak;
When from its lid, a pearly tear,
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.
Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour: prythee tell:
That falling tear - what does it mean?

4

She sigh'd, she smil'd, & to the Flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely moralist said:
See, Friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See, yonder, what a change is made.
Ah me! the blooming pride of may,
And that of beauty are but one:
At Morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

5

At dawn, poor Stella danc'd and sung;
The am'rous youth around her bow'd:
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shrowd.
Such as she is, who dy'd to day:
Such I, alas! may be to morrow.
Go Damon, bid thy muse display
The Justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.



Matchless Clarinda Set by Mr. Handel

When I survey Clarindas Charms folded within my Circling Arms; wt endless

Pleasures move a-long; Nobly soft and sweetly strong; ev'ry smile invites to

Love balmy Kisses Amrous blisses every riseing Charm improve.

2

Immortal Bliss that ne'r will doy,
Always attends her Angel form,
Softest repose and blooming Joy;
In her conspire the Soul to charm,
All that can Joy or Love create,
Beauteous blessing, Past expressing,
Round the tender fair one wait.

3

Love on her Breast has fixd his throne
And Cupid revels in her Eyes
Who can the Charmers power disown
When in each Glance an Arrow flies
Yet when wounded we feel no pain
No tis Pleasure Above measure
Raptures flow in ev'ry Vein

Flute

Published according to Act of Parliament April 30 1743

Love's Bacchanal

set by Mr. Vincent

Strephon why that Cloudy Forehead Why so vainly crost'd those Arms silly swain thy Aspect
horrid rather frightens her then Charms Rouse each dull and drooping spirits fling away thy
Myrtle Wreath Bumpers large of generous Claret makes thee love and raptures Breath.

Sacrafice this Juice prolifick
To each Letter of her Name
Gods they deem'd it a Specifick
Why not mortals do the same

See the high charg'd Goblet smiling
Bids the Strephon drink and prove
Wine's the Liquor most beguiling
Wine's the Weapon conquers Love

Flute

The Circling Glass

Timpa di Gavatta

By the gayly circling Glass we can see how minutes pass by the hollow Cask are told how the waining night grows old how the waining night grows old soon too soon the busy day drives us from our sports away What have we with day to do sons of care twas made for you sons of care twas made for you

The Mournful Fair

Largo

How gentle was my damon's air, like sunny

beams his golden hair, his voice was like y^e^ nightingale's more sweet his breath than flow'ry vales

how hard such beauties to resign, & yet y^e^ cruel task is mine.

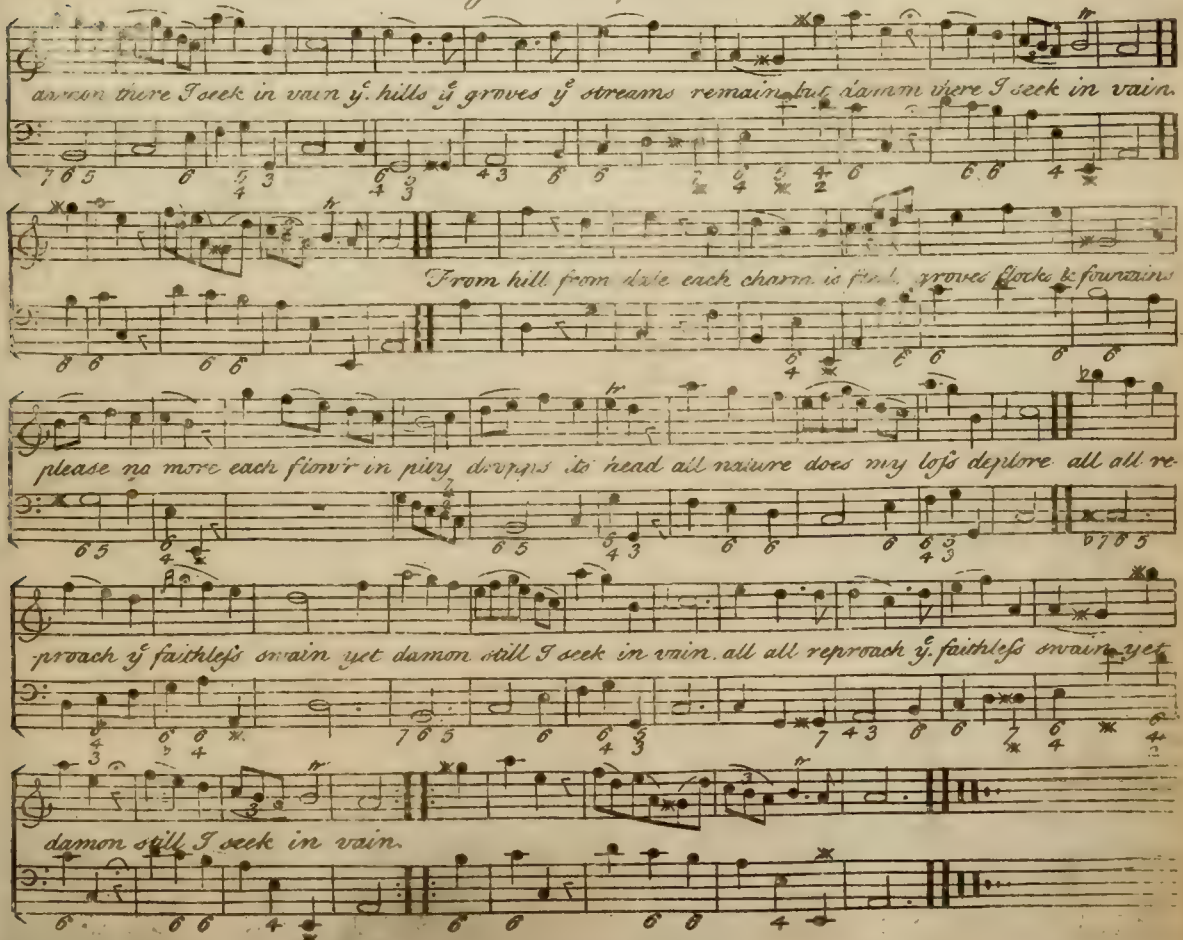
Amoroso

On ev'ry hill in ev'ry grove, along y^e^ margin of each stream dear conscious

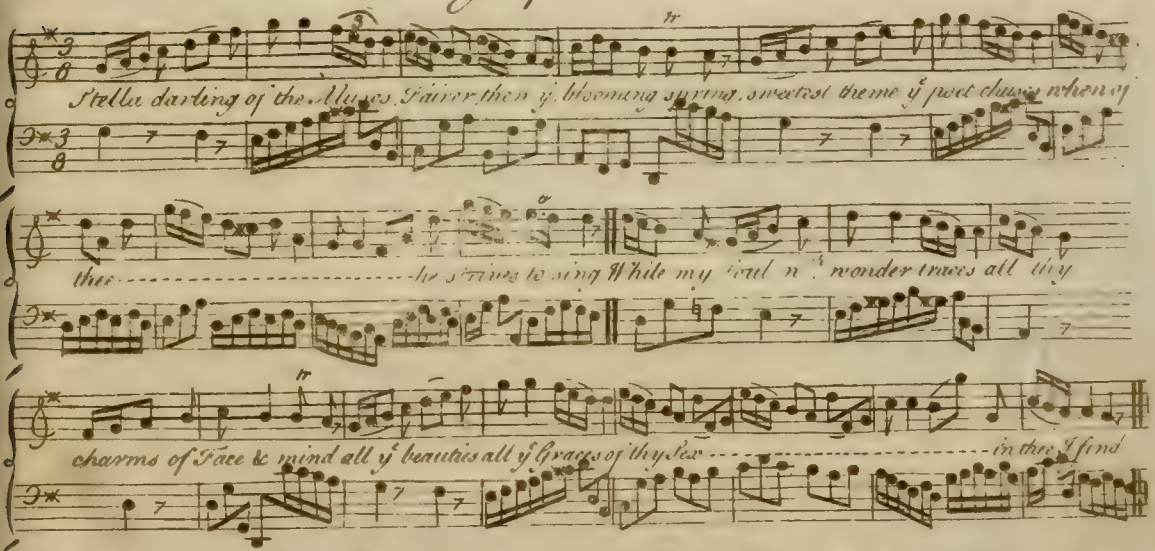
scenes of former love I mourn & damon is my theme. The hills the groves the streams remain but

damon

Set by Mr. Arne


where I seek in vain y. hills y. groves y. streams remain but damon where I seek in vain.
From hill from dale each charm is fled groves flocks & fountains
please no more each flow'r in pity droops its head all nature does my loss deplore all all re
proach y. faithless swain yet damon still I seek in vain. all all reproach y. faithless swain yet
damon still I seek in vain.

Stella darling of the Muses.

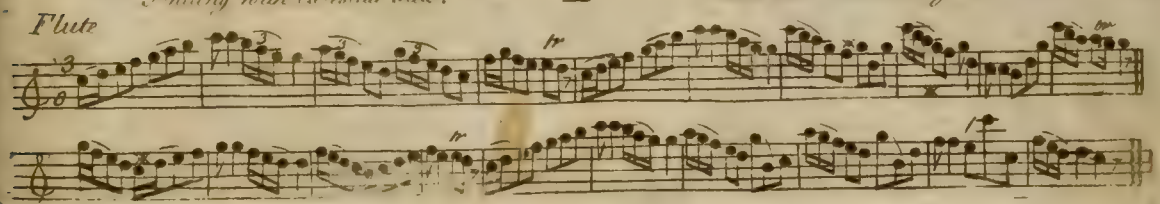

Stella darling of the Muses. Fairer than ye blooming spring, sweetest theme ye poet chuses when of
thee ---------- he strives to sing While my soul in wonder traces all thy
charms of Face & mind all ye beauties all ye Graces of thy Sex ---------- in thee I find

Love and Joy and Admiration
In my Breast alternate rise;
Words no more can paint my passion,
Than the Pencil can thy Eyes.

Lavish Nature thee adorning,
Ore thy Lips & cheeks hath spread;
Colours that can shame the Morning,
Blushing with Celestial Red.

Pallace Venus too must never,
Boast their charms triumphant yet:
Stella bright out vieing ever,
This in Beauty that in Wit.

Could the Gods in Blest'd condition,
Ought on Earth with envy view;
Lovely Stella their Ambition,
Would be to Resemble you.

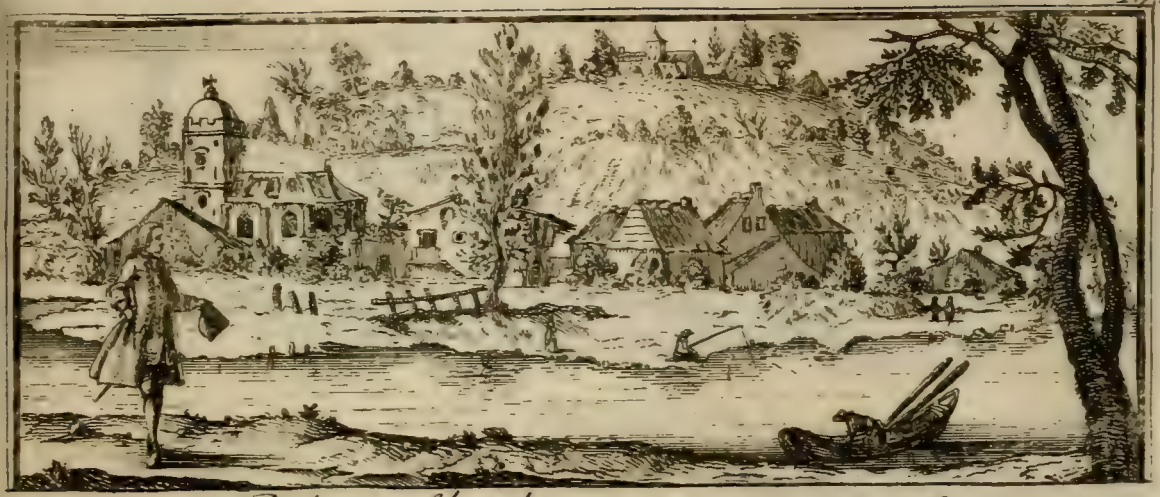


The Protestation within Compass of the FLUTE

No more shall Meads be Deck'd with Flowers nor sweetness dwell in
Rose----y Bowers nor greenest Buds in Branches spring nor warbling
Birds delight to sing nor April Violets Paint the Grove if I for
sake my Celia's Love if I for sake my Celia's Love.

The Fish shall in the Ocean Burn
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn
The Humble Vale no floods shall know
When floods shall highest hills o'erflow
Black Lethe shall Oblivion leave
If e'er my Celia I deceive If e'er &c.

Love shall his Bow and shafts lay by
And Venus Doves want Wings to fly
The sun refuse to shew his light
And fair Creation sink in Night
And in that Night no star appear
If e'er I leave my Celia Dear If e'er. &c.



Windsor-Shades set to Musick by Mr. Carey

Lento

Waft, me some soft & cooling breeze, to Windsor's shady kind Retreat; Where silvan scenes
wide spreading trees, repel y. raying Dogs stars heat. Where tufted Grass & mossy beds afford a
rural calm repose; where woodbines hang their dew-y heads, & fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames that flows fast by,
Along the smiling Valley plays;
His glassy surface cheers the Eye,
And thro' the flowry meadow strays:
His fertile Banks with herbage green,
His Vales with Golden Plenty swell,
Where e'er his purer Stream is seen,
The Gods of health & Pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear thy yielding wave,
With naked Arm once more divide;
In thee my glowing Bosom lave,
And stem thy gently rolling Tide.

Lay me with Damask roses crown'd,
Beneath some Ozier's dusky shade,
Where Water Lillies paint y. Ground,
And budding Springs refresh y. Glade.

Let chaste Clarinda too be there,
With azure Mantle lightly drest,
Ye Nymphs bind up her silken hair,
Ye Zephyrs fan her panting Breast;
Oh haste away fair Maid & bring,
The muse the kindly friend to Love;
To thee alone the Muse shall sing,
And warble thro' the vocal Grove.

Flute

Let me Wander

Set by Mr. Hanale

Siciliana

Let me wander not un-
seen, by hedgerow elms on hillocks green. There the
Plowman near at hand, whistles over the furrow'd land there ỹ plowmān near at hand
whistles over ỹ furrow'd land & ỹ milkmaid singeth blithe & ỹ mower whets his
sythe, and ev'ry shepherd tells his tale, under the hawthorn in ỹ dale.
and ev'ry shepherd tells his tale under the hawthorn in ỹ dale.

Was ever Nymph like Rosamond.

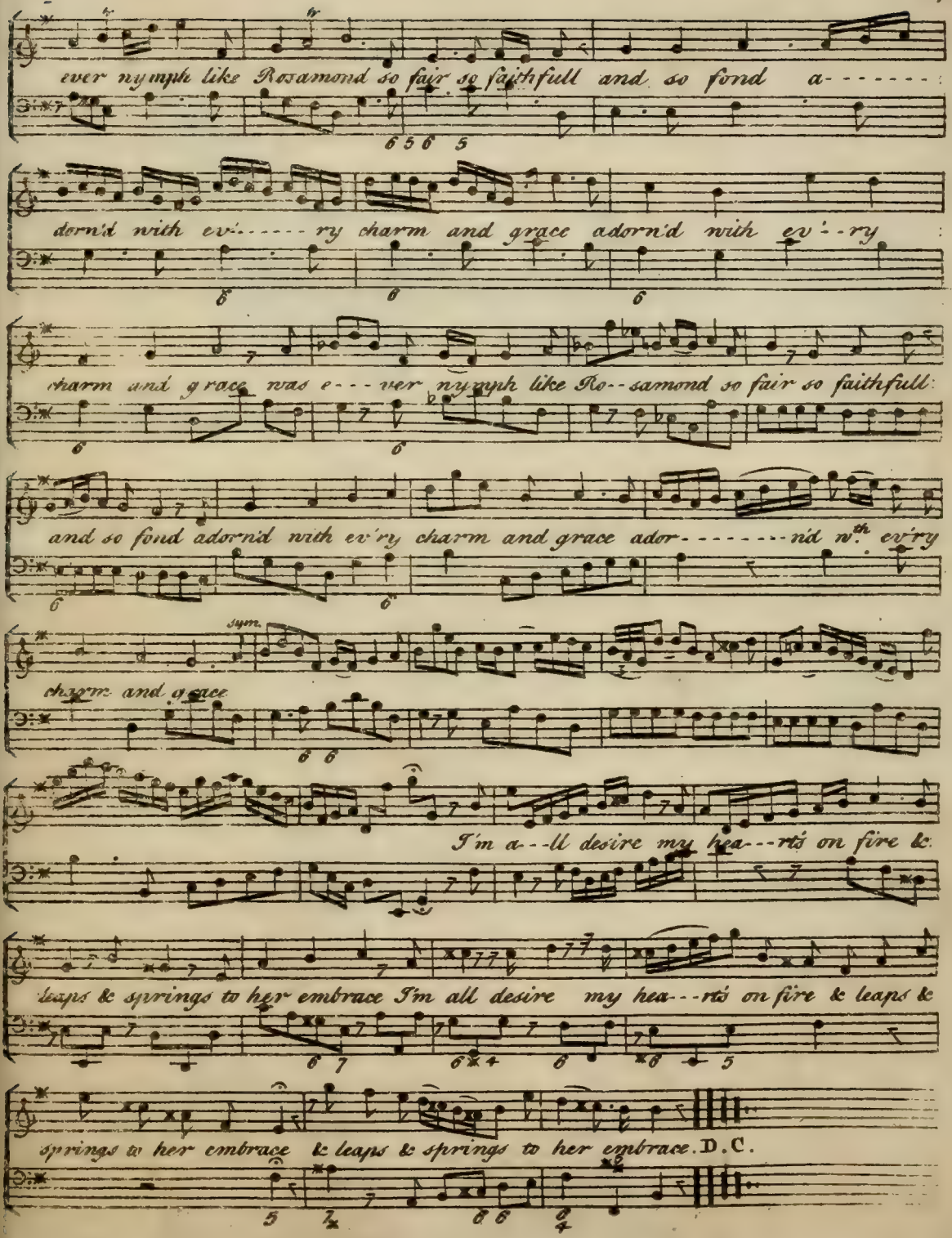
Andante.

sym.

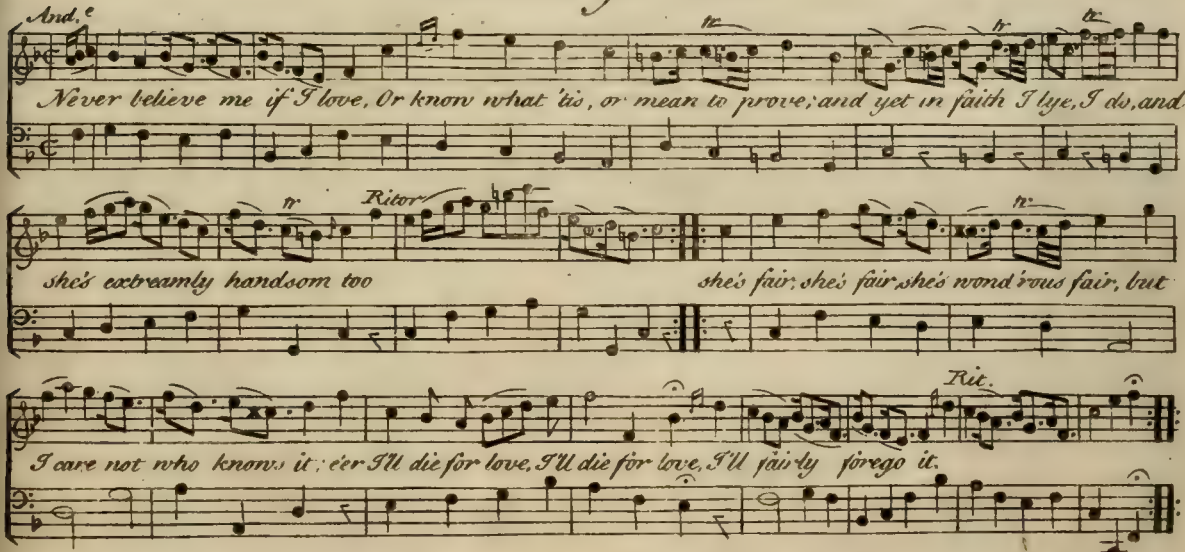
Was e---ver Nymph like

Ro--samond so fair so faithfull and so fond adornid w.th ev'ry charm & grace a-

dor------nd with ev'ry charm and grace Was


ever nymph like Rosamond so fair so faithfull and so fond a-
dorn'd with ev'-ry charm and grace adorn'd with ev'-ry
charm and grace was e--ver nymph like Ro--samond so fair so faithfull
and so fond adorn'd with ev'ry charm and grace ador-nid w.th ev'ry
charm and grace
I'm a--ll desire my hea--rts on fire &c
leaps & springs to her embrace I'm all desire my hea--rts on fire & leaps &
springs to her embrace & leaps & springs to her embrace. D.C.

The Careless Lover


And.e
tr
tr
tr
Never believe me if I love, Or know what 'tis, or mean to prove; and yet in faith I lye, I do, and
tr
Ritor
tr
she's extreamly handsom too
she's fair; she's fair, she's wond'rous fair, but
Rit.
I care not who knows it; e'er I'll die for love, I'll die for love, I'll fairly forego it.

2

This heat of hope, or cold of fear
My foolish heart could never bear
One sigh imprison'd ruins more
Than earthquakes have done heretofore
She's fair &c.

3

When I am hungry I do eat
And cut no fingers 'stead of meat
Nor with much gazing on her face
Did e'er rise hungry from the place
She's fair &c.

4

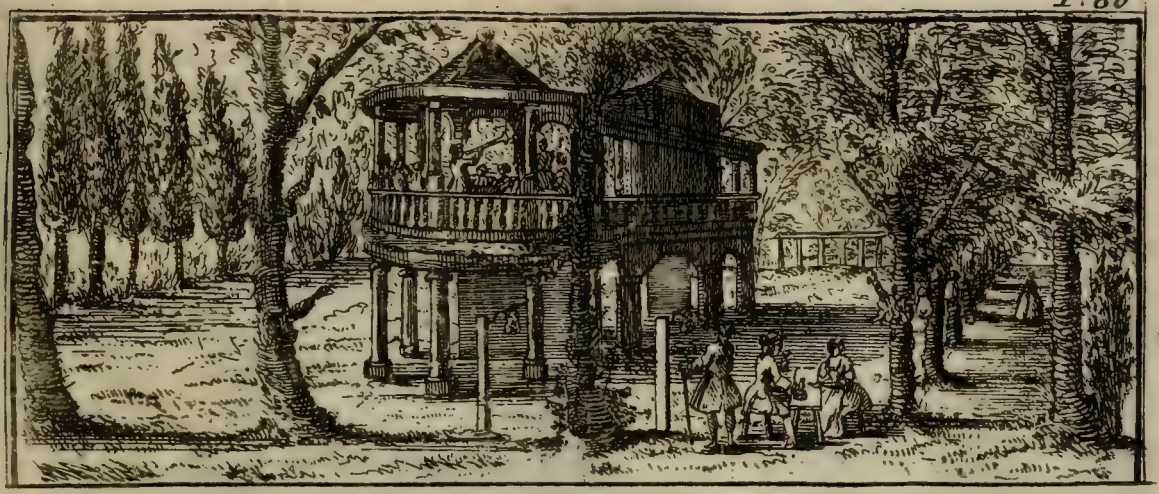
A gentle round fill'd to the brink,
To this and t'other friend I drink
And when 'tis nam'd, another's health
I never make it hers by stealth
She's fair &c.

5

Black fry'rs to me, and old whitehall
To ev'n as much as is the fall
Of fountains on a pathless grove
And nourishes as much as love
She's fair &c.

6

I visit, talk, do business, play,
And for a need laugh out a day
Who does not thus in Cupid's school
He makes not love, but plays the fool.
She's fair &c.



Spring Gardens

set by Mr Boyce

Flora, Goddess sweetly blooming; Ever airy, ever gay; all her wonted Charmes resuming, to Spring-

Garden calls away, With this blissful Spot delighted, here the Queen of May retreats; Belles and

Beaux are all invited, to partake of varied Sweets ..... to partake of varied Sweets

See a grand Pavillon yonder,
Rising near embow'ring Shades,
There a Temple, strikes with wonder
In full view, of Colonades,
Art and Nature, kindly lavish,
Here, their mingled Beauties yield
Equal here, the Pleasures ravish,
Of the Court, and of the field.

3

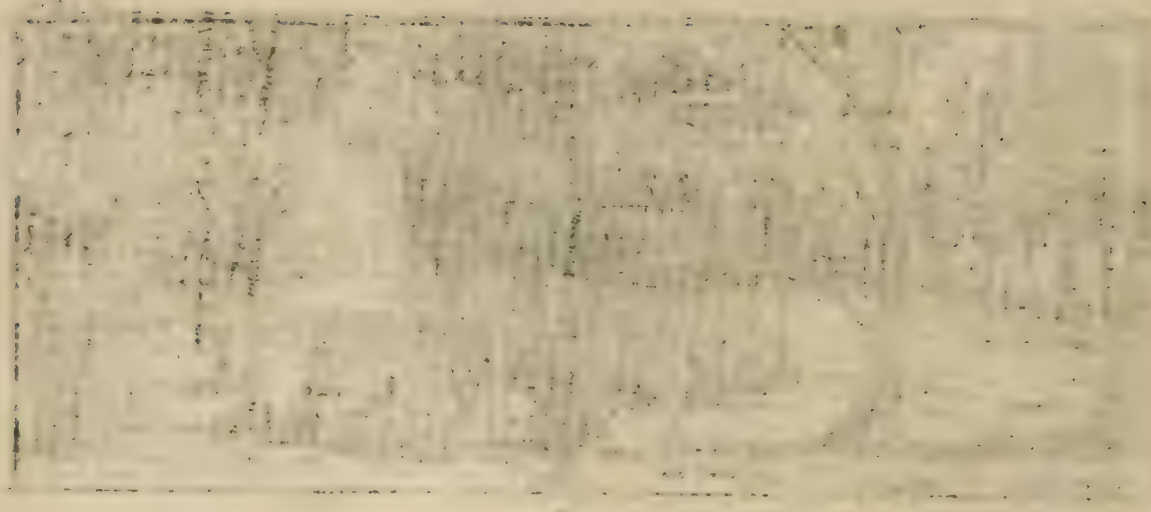
Hark! what heav'nly Notes descending,
Break upon the listning Ear;
Musick all its Graces lending
O'tis Extasy to hear.
Nightingales the Concert joyning,
Wreathe their Plaints in melting strains
Vanquish'd now; their Groves resigning
Soon they fly to distant Plains.

Lo! what Splendors round us darting,
Swift illume the charming scene;
Chandeliers their Lights imparting,
Pour fresh Beauties o'er the Green.
Glitt'ring Lamps, in order planted,
Strike the Eye with sweet surprize:
Adam scarce was more inchanted
When he saw the Sun first rise.

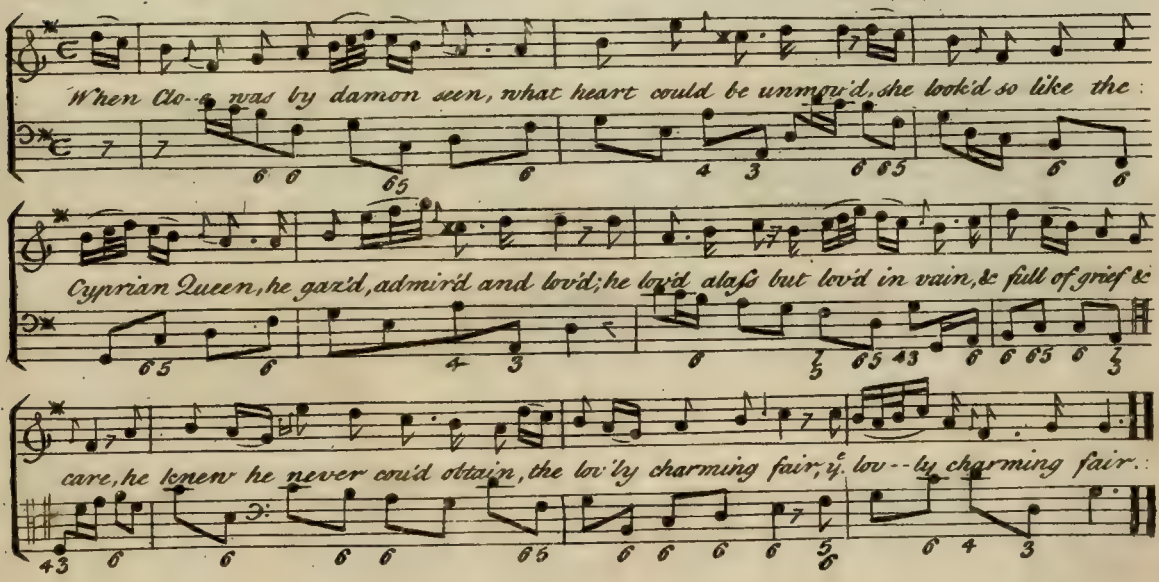
5

Now the various Bands are seated,
All dispos'd in bright Array;
Business o'er, and Cares retreated,
With gay Mirth they close the Day.
Hers, of Old, the Sons of Pleasure
Pass'd, in Shades, their favrite hours;
(Rectire cheering their Soft Leisure)
Bless'd by Love and crown'd with Flow'rs.

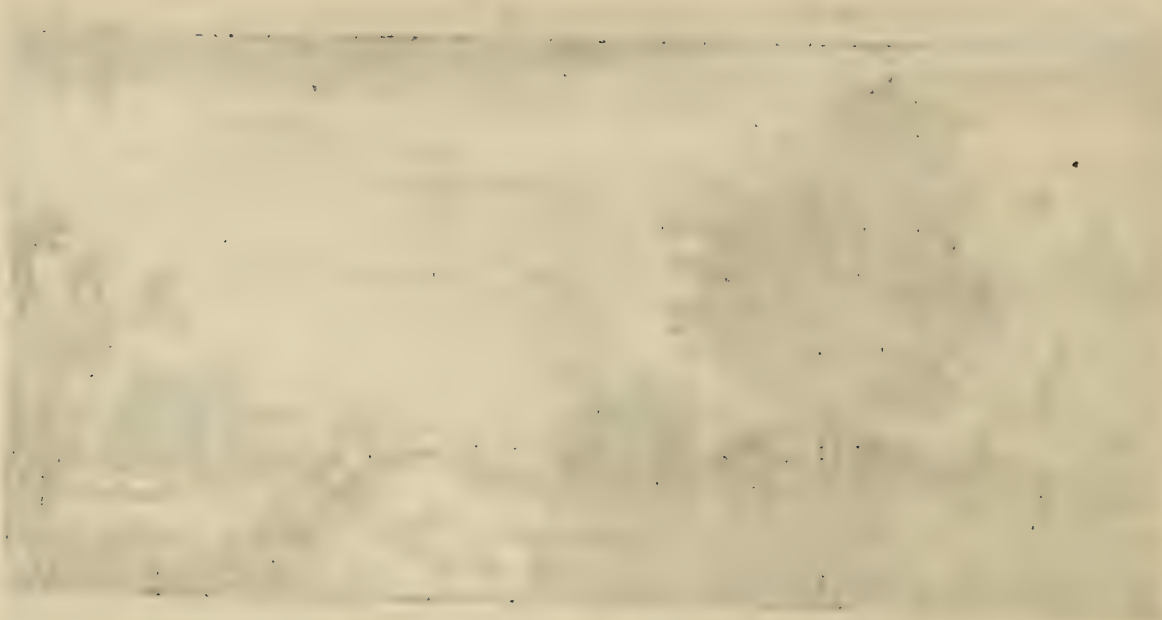
Flute



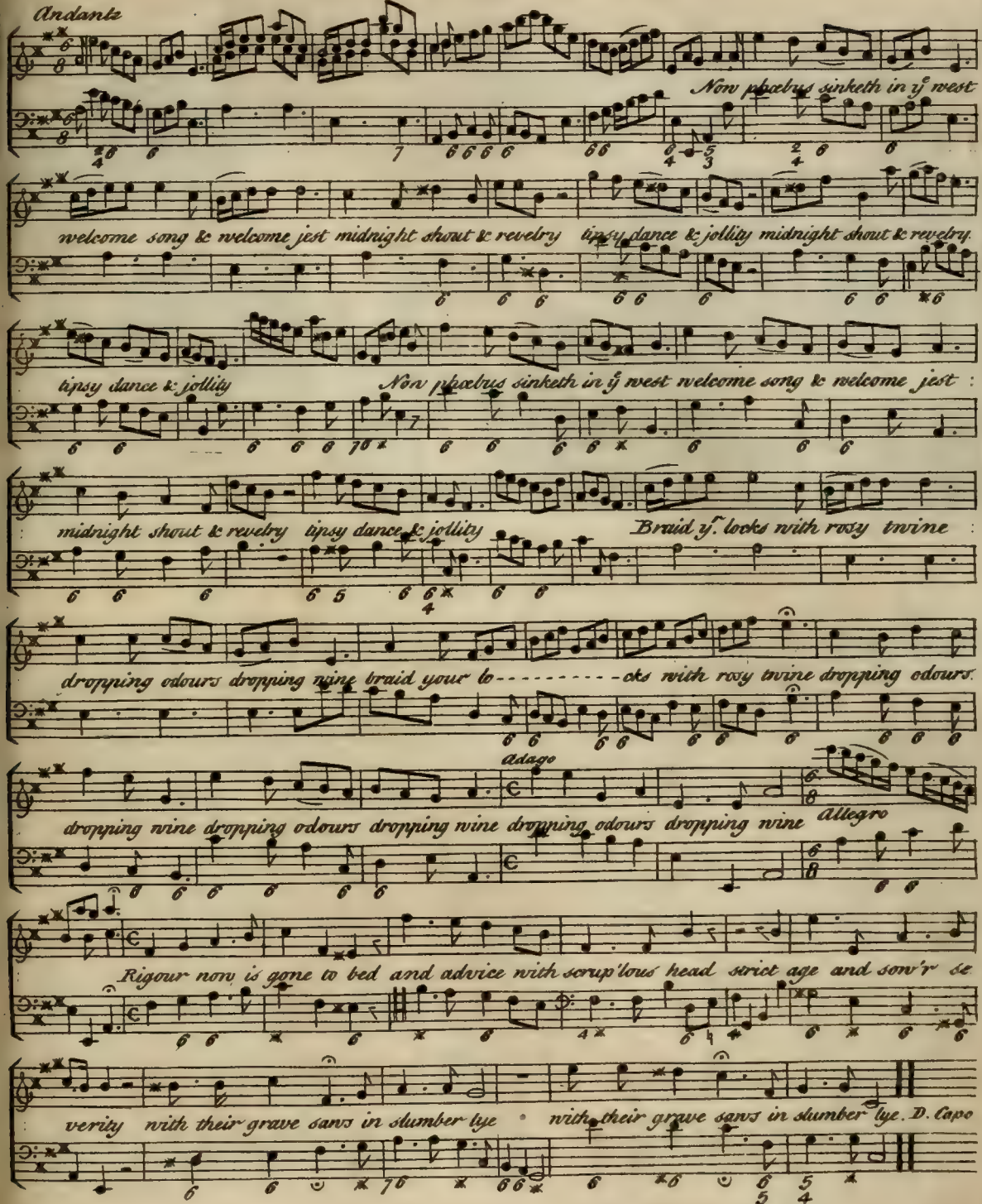
The Tim'rous Swain


When Clo-e was by damon seen, what heart could be unmov'd, she look'd so like the
Cyprian Queen, he gaz'd, admir'd and lov'd; he lov'd alass but lov'd in vain, & full of grief &
care, he knew he never cou'd obtain, the lov'ly charming fair; lov--ly charming fair.

Cloe deserv'd a better swain,
He not so fair a bride;
Yet still he hugg'd the fatal chain,
He lov'd despair'd and dy'd.
Take pity then thou charming maid,
For cloe's case is thine,
I dare not ask, so much I dread,
Must Damons fate be mine.



Now Phœbus sinketh in the West


Andante
Now phœbus sinketh in ye west
welcome song & welcome jest midnight shout & revelry tipsy dance & jollity midnight shout & revelry
tipsy dance & jollity
Now phœbus sinketh in ye west welcome song & welcome jest :
midnight shout & revelry tipsy dance & jollity
Braid y^e locks with rosy twine :
dropping odours dropping wine braid your lo----------cks with rosy twine dropping odours
Adago
dropping wine dropping odours dropping wine dropping odours dropping wine
Allegro
Rigour now is gone to bed and advice with scrup'lous head strict age and sow'r se
verity with their grave saws in slumber lye
with their grave saws in slumber lye. D. Capo

The Noon-tide Air

Sym.

Andante

Would you taste y^e. noon-tide air, to yon fragrant bow'r re-

pair, where woven w^th. the poplar bough, y^e. mantling vine will shelter you; y^e. mantling vine will

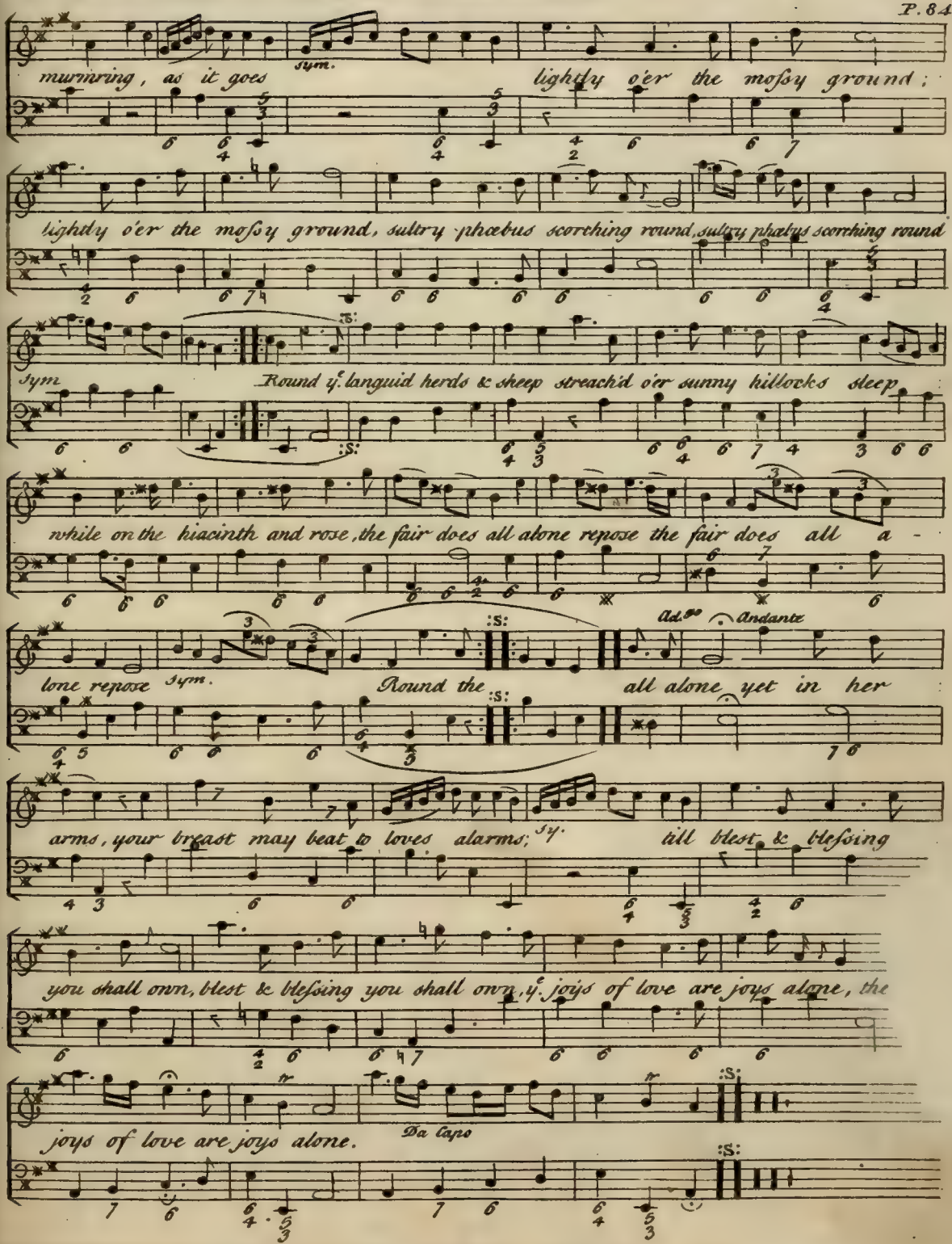
Sym.

shelter you.

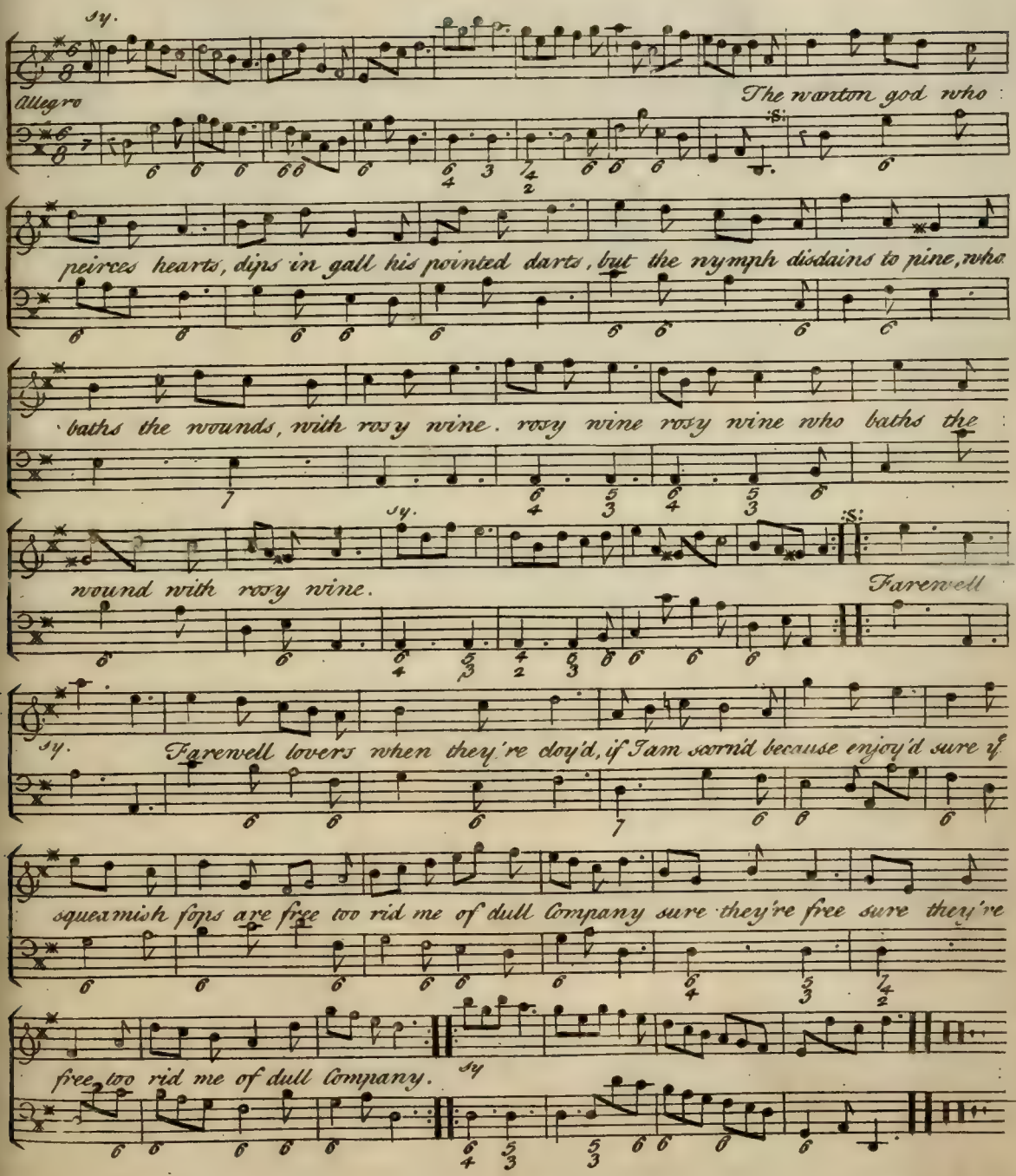
Sym.

Sv.

Down each side a fountain flows, twinkling,


murmring, as it goes
Sym.
lightly o'er the mosy ground;
lightly o'er the mosy ground, sultry phœbus scorching round, sultry phœbus scorching round
Sym
Round y. languid herds & sheep streach'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep
while on the hiacinth and rose, the fair does all alone repose the fair does all a -
lone repose
Sym.
Round the
all alone yet in her
Ad.go
Andante
arms, your breast may beat to loves alarms;
Sy.
till blest & blessing
you shall own, blest & blessing you shall own y. joys of love are joys alone, the
joys of love are joys alone.
Da Capo

Set by Mr. Arne


Sy.
Allegro
The wanton god who
S.
peirces hearts, dips in gall his pointed darts, but the nymph disdains to pine, who
baths the wounds, with rosy wine. rosy wine rosy wine who baths the
Sy.
S.
wound with rosy wine.
Farewell
Sy.
Farewell lovers when they're cloy'd, if I am sarn'd because enjoy'd sure if
squeamish fops are free two rid me of dull Company sure they're free sure they're
free two rid me of dull Company.
Sy

A NEW SONG

Set by Mr Oswald, the Words by Mr. Smollet.

Aria

When sappho tun'd the rapur'd strain the listning wretch forgot his pain.

with art divine the lyre she strung like thee she play'd like thee she sung

like ye. she play'd like thee she sung

sym.

2

For while she struck the quivring wire,
The eager breast was all on fire;
And when she joyn'd the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away. The captive &c.

3

But had she added still to these,
Thy softer chaster pow'r to please,
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth. Thy native &c.

4

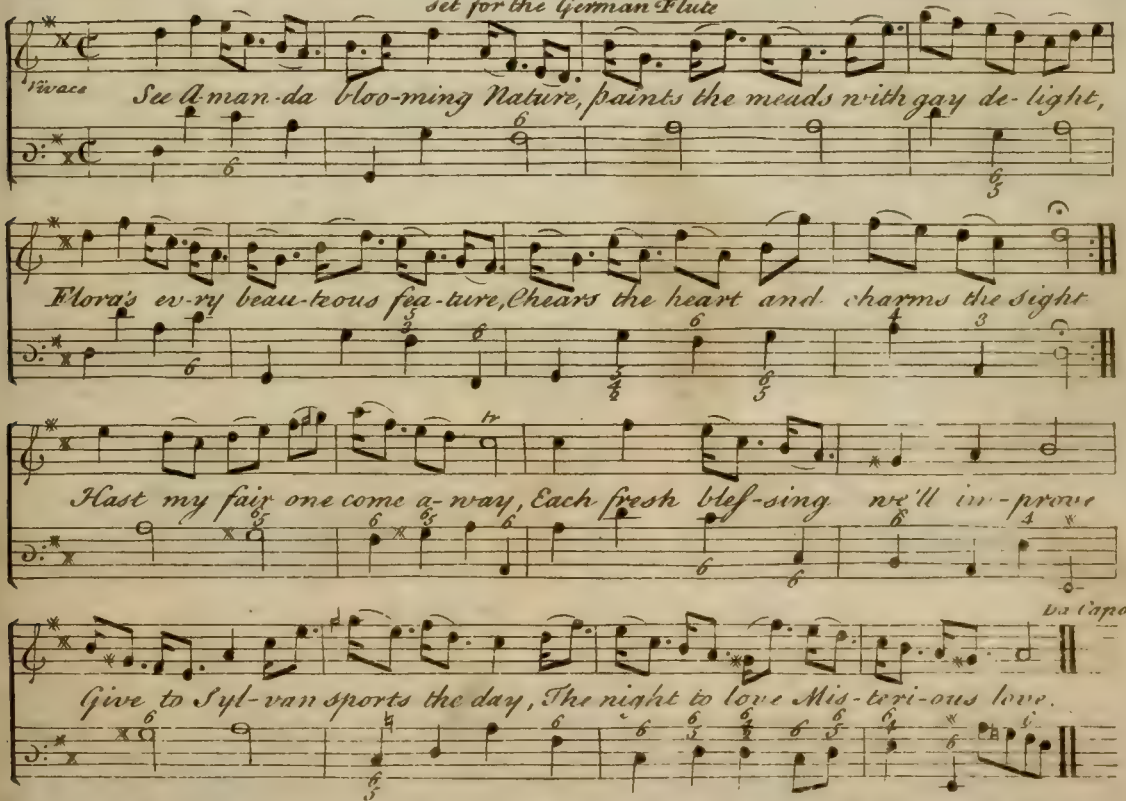
She ne'er had pin'd beneath disdain
She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain
Despair her soul had ne'er possess'd
To dash on rocks the tender breast. To dash &c.

See! Amanda,

A NEW SONG.

set for the German Flute

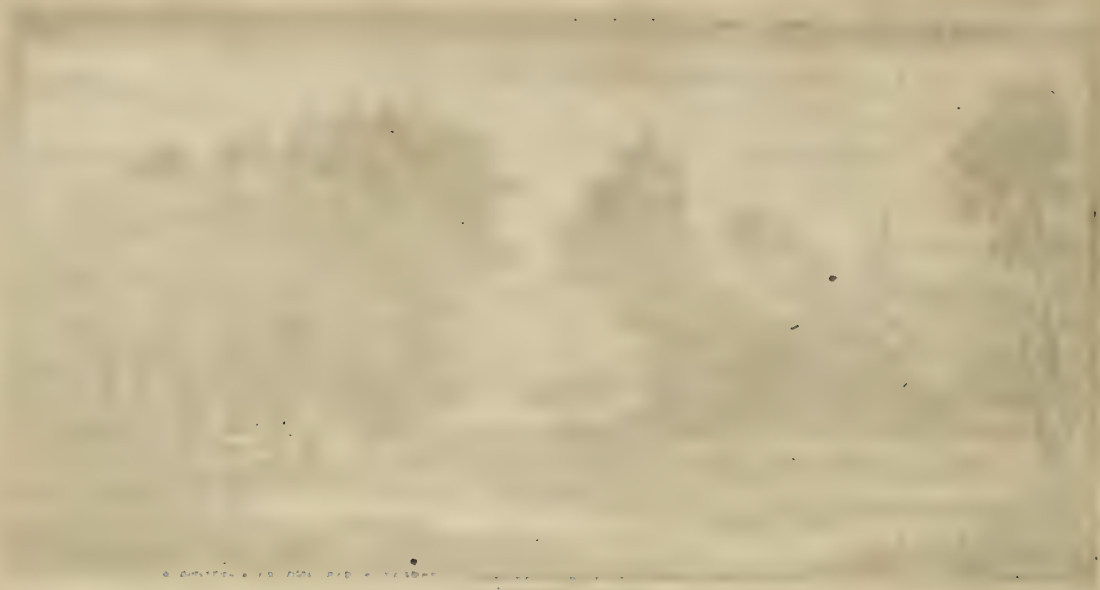
by a Gentleman


Vivace
See Aman-da bloo-ming Nature, paints the meads with gay de-light,
Flora's ev-ry beau-teous fea-ture, Chears the heart and charms the sight
Hast my fair one come a-way, Each fresh bles-sing we'll im-prove
Da Capo
Give to Syl-van sports the day, The night to love Mis-teri-ous love.

Quit the Towns tempestuous Ocean,
Pleasure here has fix'd her seat;
Hymen claims our just devotion,
Hymen loves this calm retreat.

Here the wanton Graces sport,
Care far hence an exile roves;
Cupid here maintains his Court,
Here Cupid shall unite our loves.

Quit the Towns &c.



The Power of Beauty or the Snake set by Mr Carey

Is there a charm ye pow'rs a-bove, to ease a wounded breast thro' reason's glass to look at
love, to wish and yet to rest Let wisdom boast, 'tis all in vain An empire o'er the
mind, 'tis beauty, beauty, holds the chain, and triumphs o'er mankind & triumphs o'er mankind

2.
Thrice happy birds who on the spray
Unartful notes prolong
Your feather'd mates reward the lay
And yeild to pow'rfull song
By nature fierce, without controul
The human savage ran
Till love refind his stubborn soul
And civilized the man. And &c.

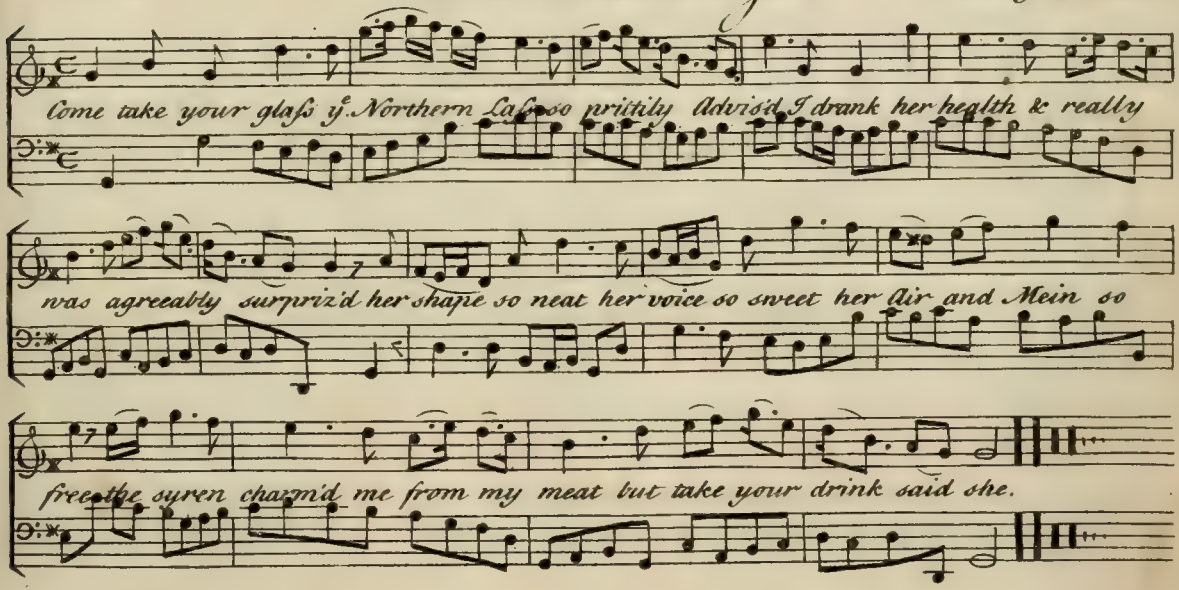
3.
Verse turns aside the tyrants rage
And cheers the drooping slave
It wins a smile from hoary age
And disappoints the grave
The force of numbers must succeed
And sooth each other ear
Tho' my fond cause shou'd phalus plead
He'd find a Daphne here. He'd &c.

4
Did heav'n such wond'rous Gifts produce
To curse our wretched race
Say, must we all the heart accuse
And yet approve the face
Thus in the sun bedropd with gold
The basking adder lies
The swain admires each shining fold
Then grasps the snake & dies. Then &c.

Flute

The Northern Lass.—

Set by Mr. Fisher.


Come take your glass y^e Northern Lass so prittily Advis'd I drank her health & really
was agreeably surpriz'd her shape so neat her voice so sweet her Air and Mein so
free the syren charm'd me from my meat but take your drink said she.

2

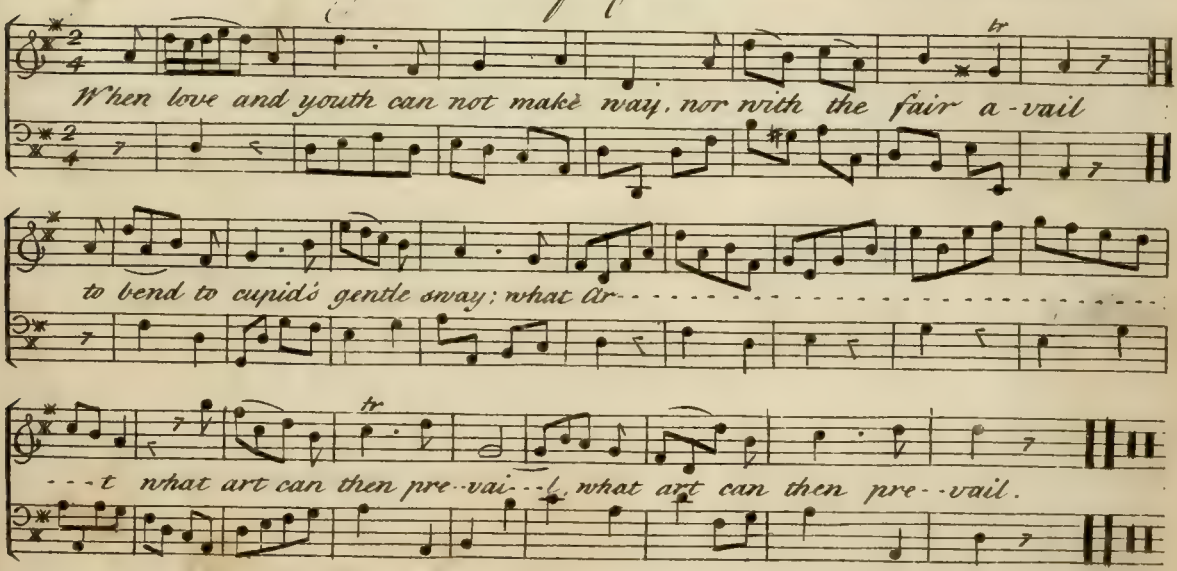
If from the north such beauty comes
How is it that I feel
Within my breast that glowing heat
No tongue can ere reveal
Tho cold and raw the north wind blows
All summer's on her breast
Her skin was like the driven snow
But sun-shine all the rest.

3

Her heart may southern climates melt
Tho' frozen now it seems
That joy with pain be equal felt
And ballanc'd in extreams.
Then like our genial wine she'll charm
With love my panting breast
Me, like our sun her heart shall warm
—Be —Ice to all the rest

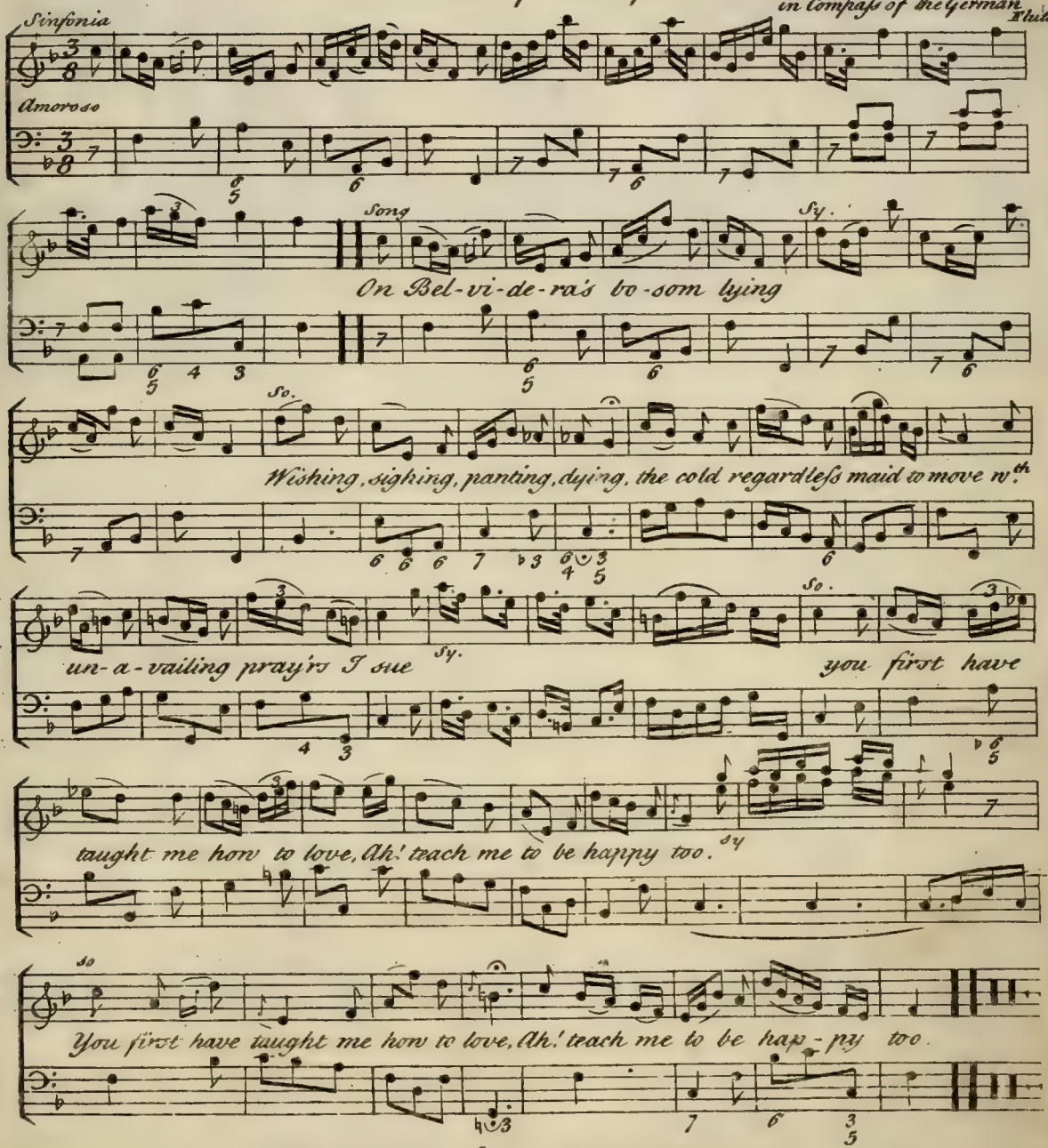
Gold a Receipt for Love?

Set by Mr. Monro.


When love and youth can not make way, nor with the fair a-vail
to bend to cupid's gentle sway; what ar- - - -

A NEW SONG

Set by Mr. Pryn


Sinfonia
in Compass of the German Flute
Amoroso
Song
On Bel-vi-de-ra's bo-som lying
Sy.
So.
Wishing, sighing, panting, dying, the cold regardless maid to move with
un-a-vailing pray'rs I sue
you first have
taught me how to love, Ah! teach me to be happy too.
You first have taught me how to love, Ah! teach me to be hap-py too.

But conscious of my easy nature
Thus replies the careful creature
'Tis ev'ry prudent maid's concern
Her lover's fondness to improve
If to be happy you should learn
You quickly would forget to love

Gentle Parthenissa

Sung by Mr. Sullivan.

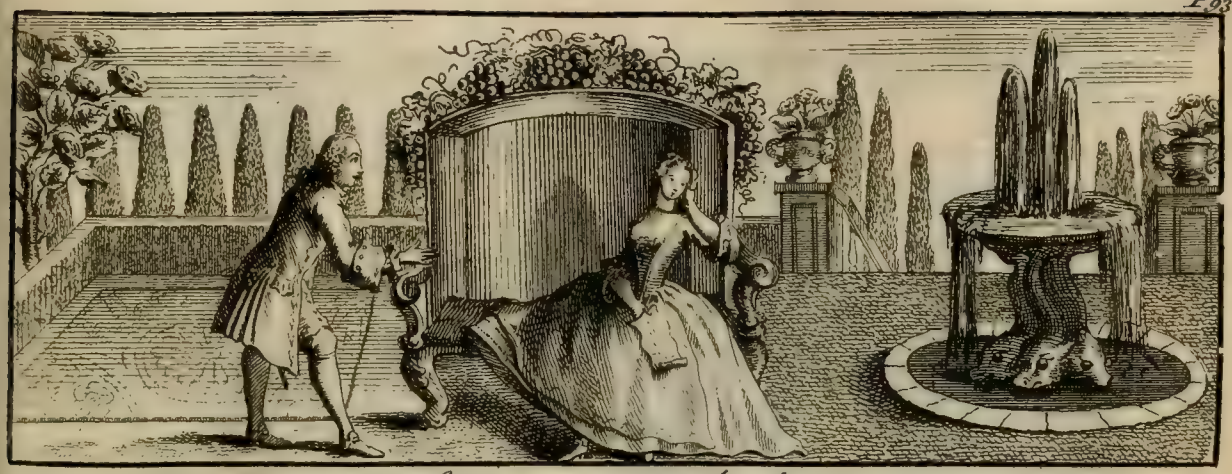
When gentle Parthe-nis..sa walks, or gay.....ly smiles, or

sweet...ly talks. . A thousand Charms a...round her fly,

A thousand Swains un heed...ed dye, a thousand Swains unheed..ed

dye.

If then she Labours to be seen,
With all her killing Airs and Mein;
From so much Beauty so much Art,
What mortal can secure his Heart.



Advice to Sylvia.

Set by Sig.r Tortoriti.

:S:

Sylvia wilt thou waste thy Prime, Stranger to the Joys of Love? thou hast Youth &

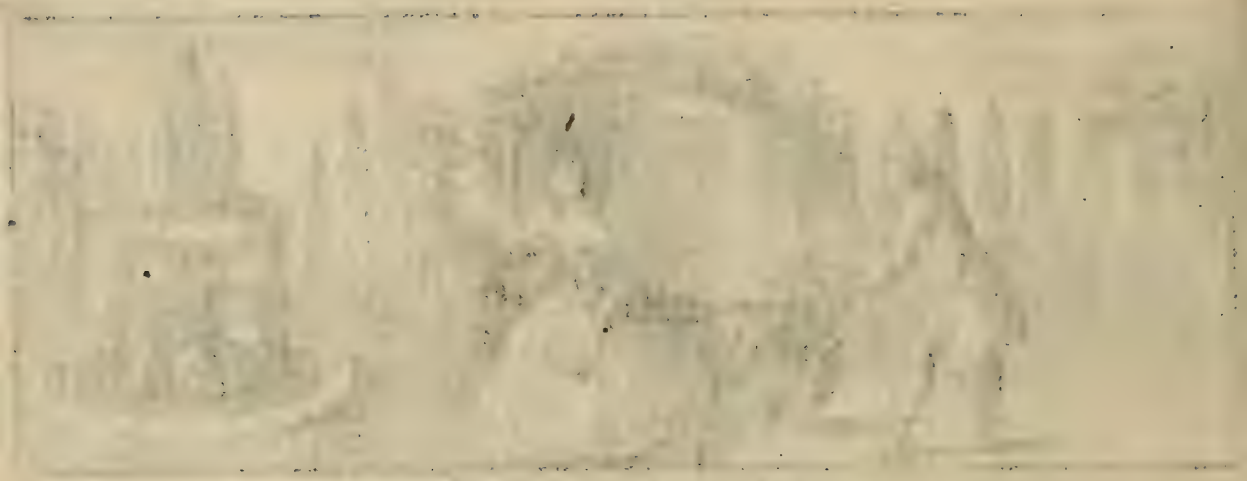
thats the Time, Every Minute to improve. Round thee wilt thou never hear

Little wanton Girls and Boys, Sweetly sounding in thy Ear; Sweetly sounding

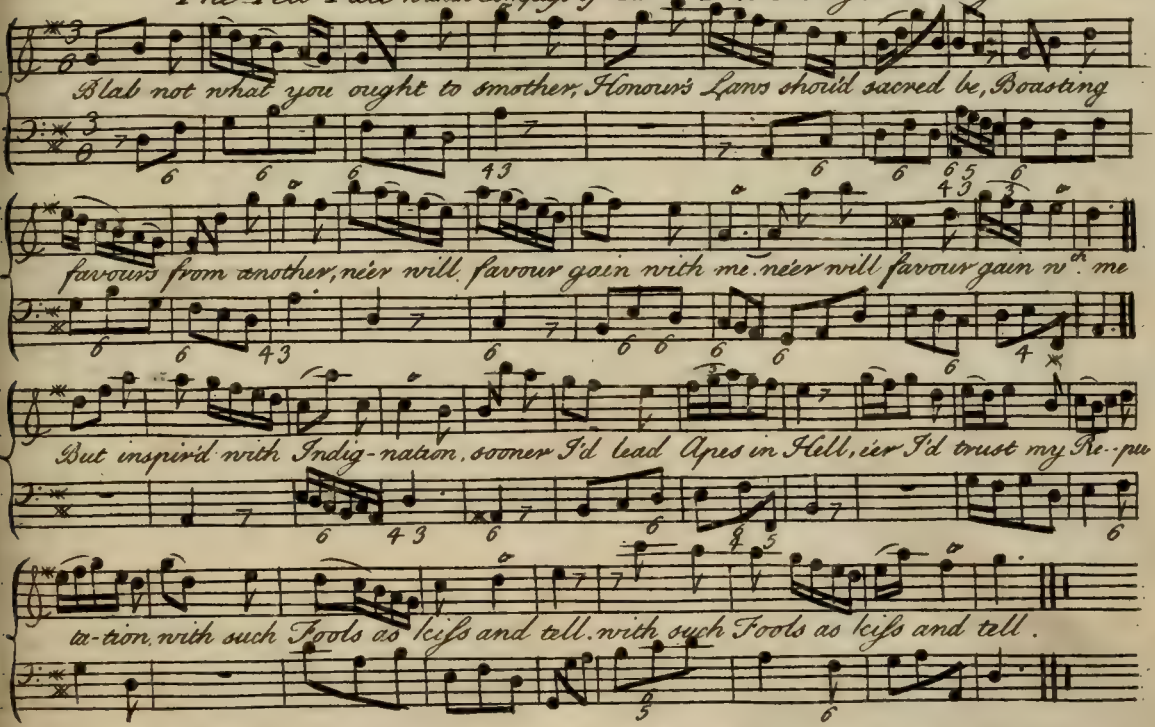
in thy Ear, Infant Prate and Mothers Joys.

Only view that little Dove,
Softly cooing to its Mate;
As a further Proof of Love,
See her for his Kisses wait;
Hark! the charming Nightingale,
As it flies from Spray to Spray,
Sweetly Tunes an am'rous Tale,
Sweetly &c.
I love, I love it strives to say.

Could I to thy Soul reveal,
But at least, a Thousand'th part,
Of those pleasures Lovers feel,
In a Mutual Change of Heart:
Then repenting wouldst thou say,
Virgin fears from hence remove,
All the Time is thrown away,
All &c.
That we cannot spend in Love.



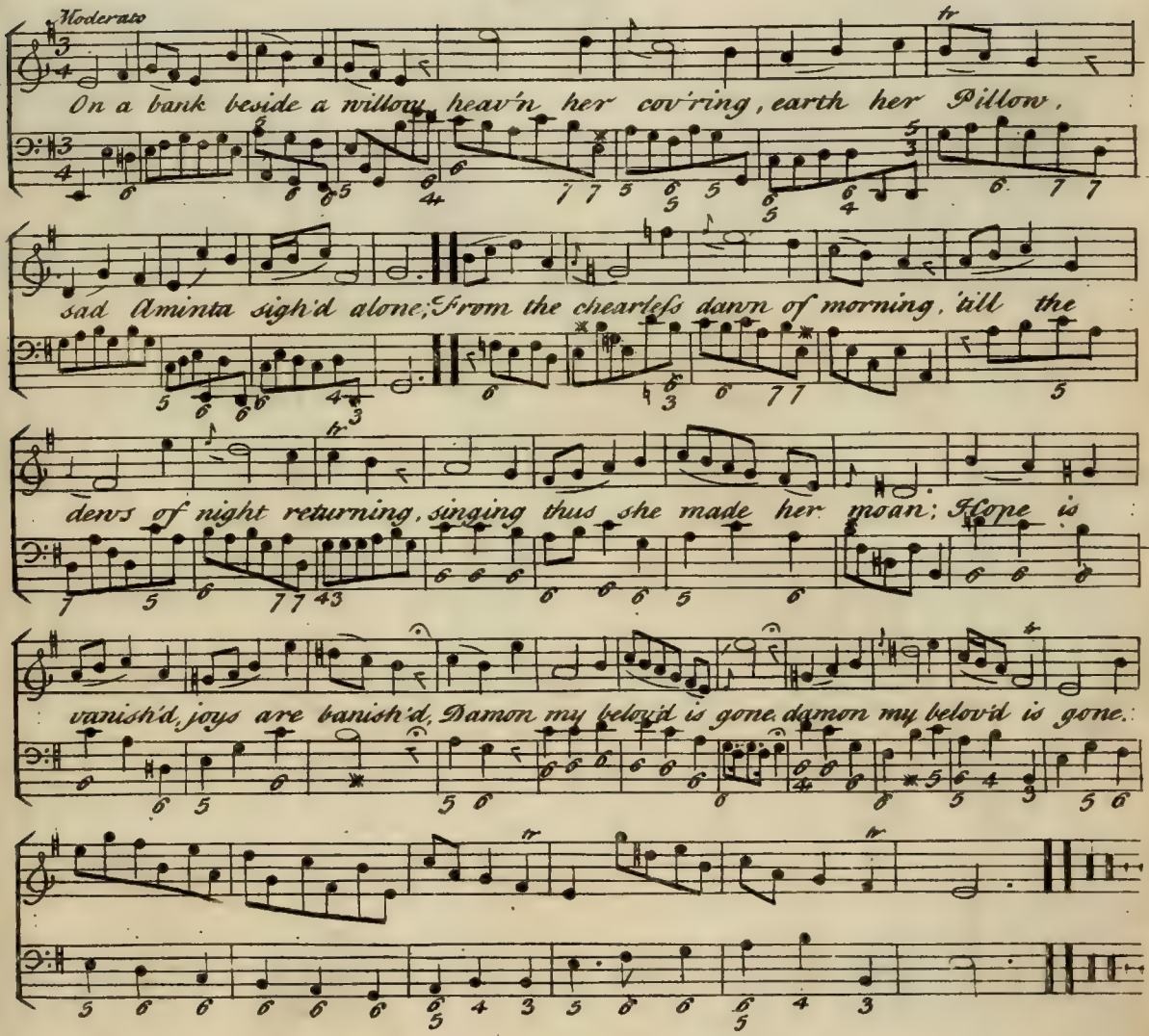
The Tell Tale within Compass of the FLUTE *by Mr. Carey*


Blab not what you ought to smother, Honour's Laws should sacred be, Boasting
favours from another, ne'er will favour gain with me. ne'er will favour gain wth. me
But inspir'd with Indig-nation, sooner I'd lead Apes in Hell, ere I'd trust my Re-pu
ta-tion, with such Fools as kiss and tell. with such Fools as kiss and tell.

He who finds a hidden Treasure.—
Never should the same reveal.—
Him whom Beauty crowns wth. pleasure,
Cautious should his Joy conseal. cautious &c.

Him with whom my Heart I'll venture,
Shall my Fame from Censure save.—
One where Truth and Prudence center,
And as secret as the Grave. And as &c.

Set by Mr. Oswald


Moderato
On a bank beside a willow, heav'n her cov'ring, earth her Pillow,
sad Aminta sigh'd alone; From the chearless dawn of morning, 'till the
dews of night returning, singing thus she made her moan; Hope is
vanish'd, joys are banish'd, Damon my belov'd is gone, damon my belov'd is gone.

Time I dare thee to discover,
Such a youth and such a lover,
Oh! so true so kind was he;
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his ev'ry feature,
Damon liv'd alone for me,
Melting kisses,
Murmuring blisses,
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we.
Who so &c.

Never shall we curse the morning,
Never bless the night returning,
Sweet embraces to restore;
Never shall we both lye dying
Nature failing: love supplying,
All the joys he drain'd before;
Death come end me,
To befriend me,
Love and Damon are no more.
Love &c.

THE EARLY HORN,
in full Score; set by Mr. Galliard

Recit:

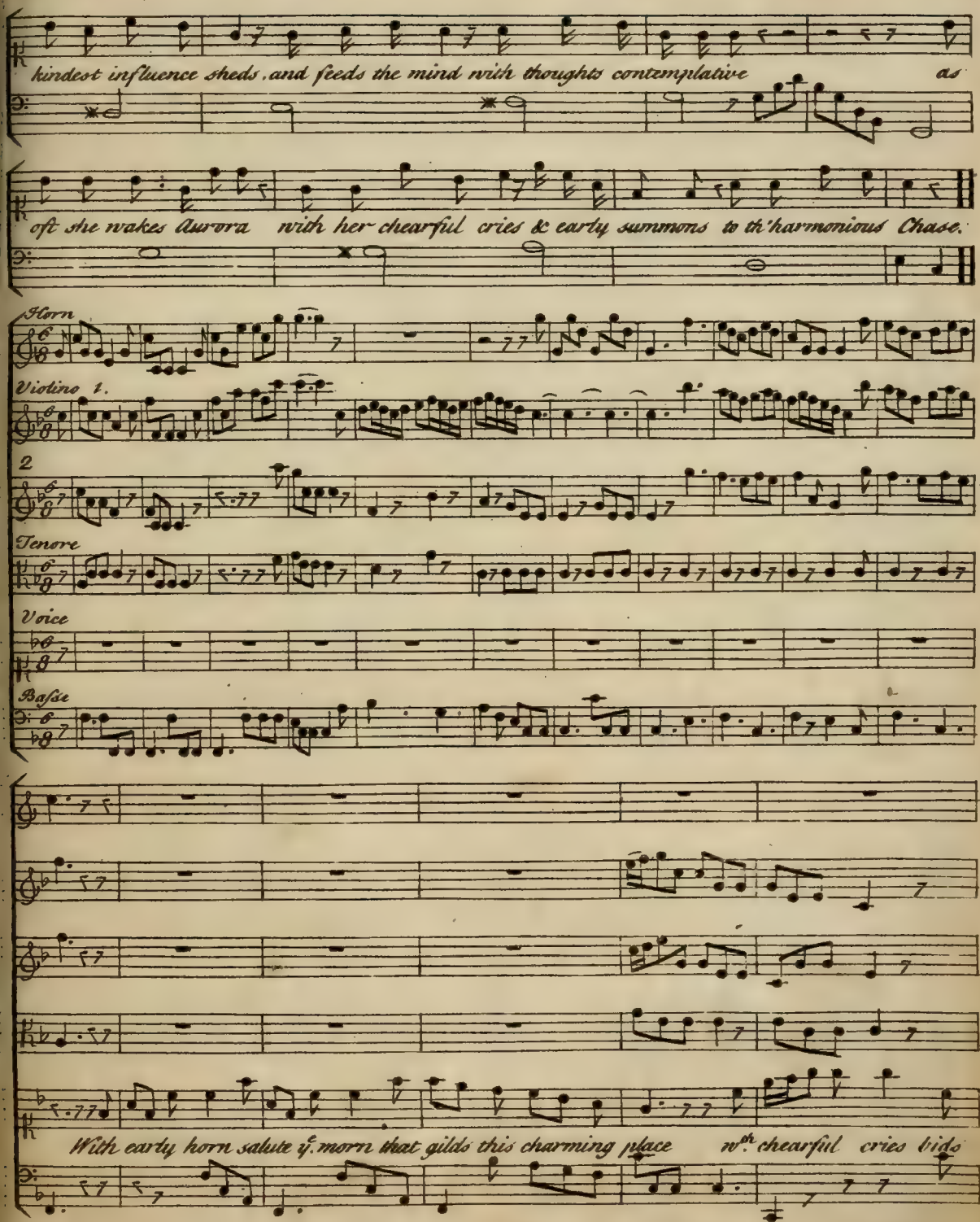
The rosy morn wth golden tresses crownd, now leaves her gay Pavillion in ye skies, to usher in the

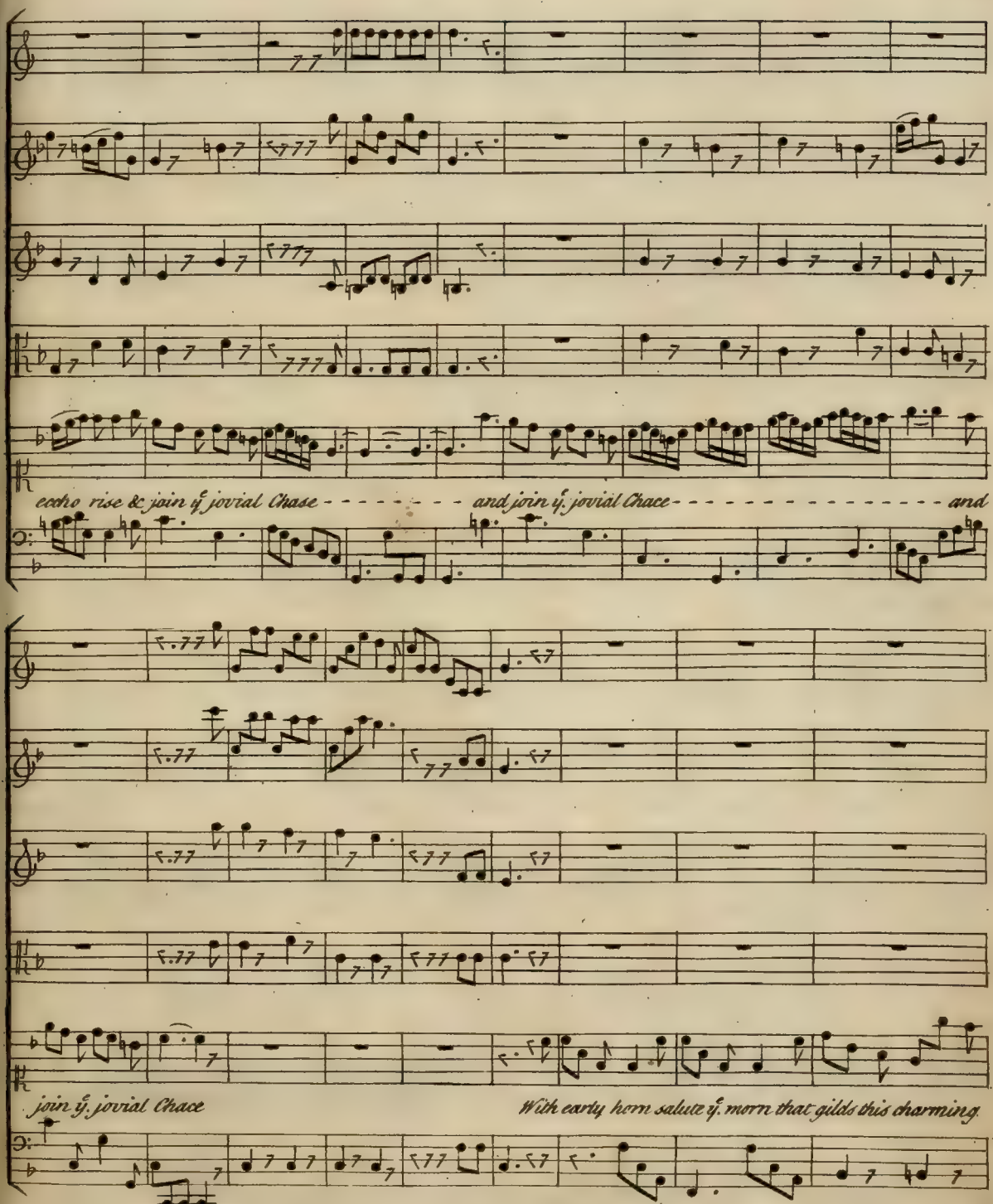
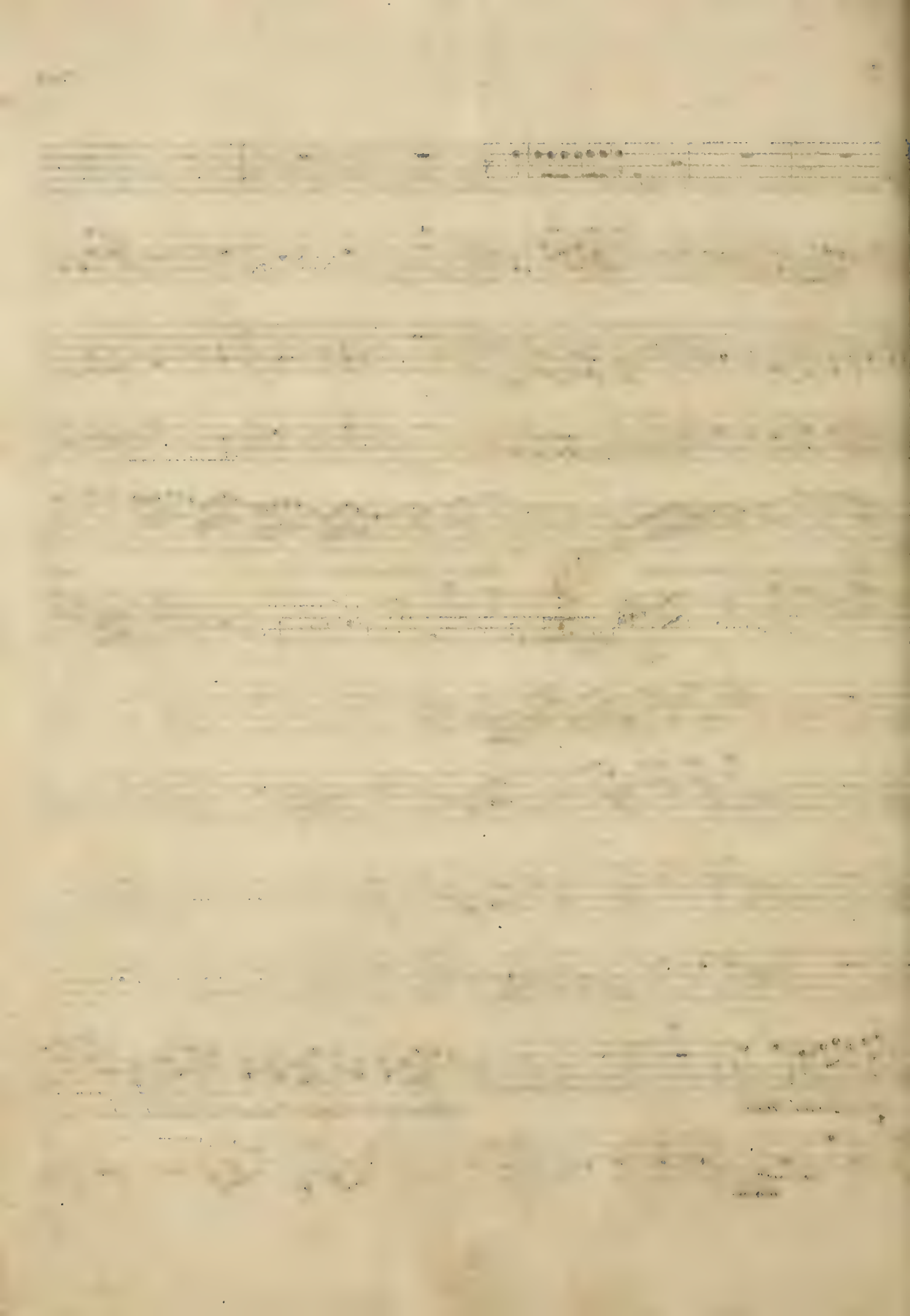
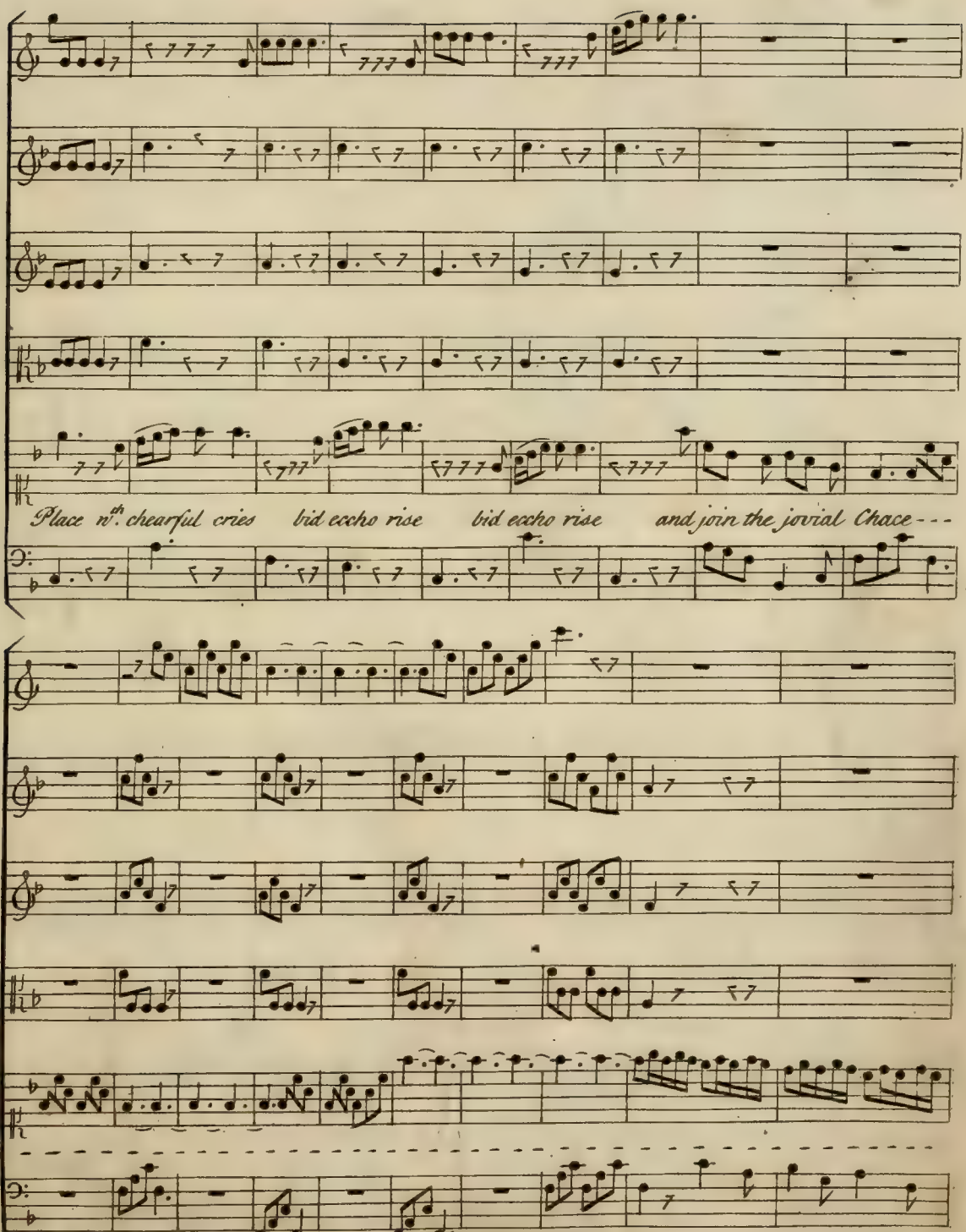
sun: before his steps she strews ye glittring dew drops o'er ye ground, that pave like sparkling gems his radiant

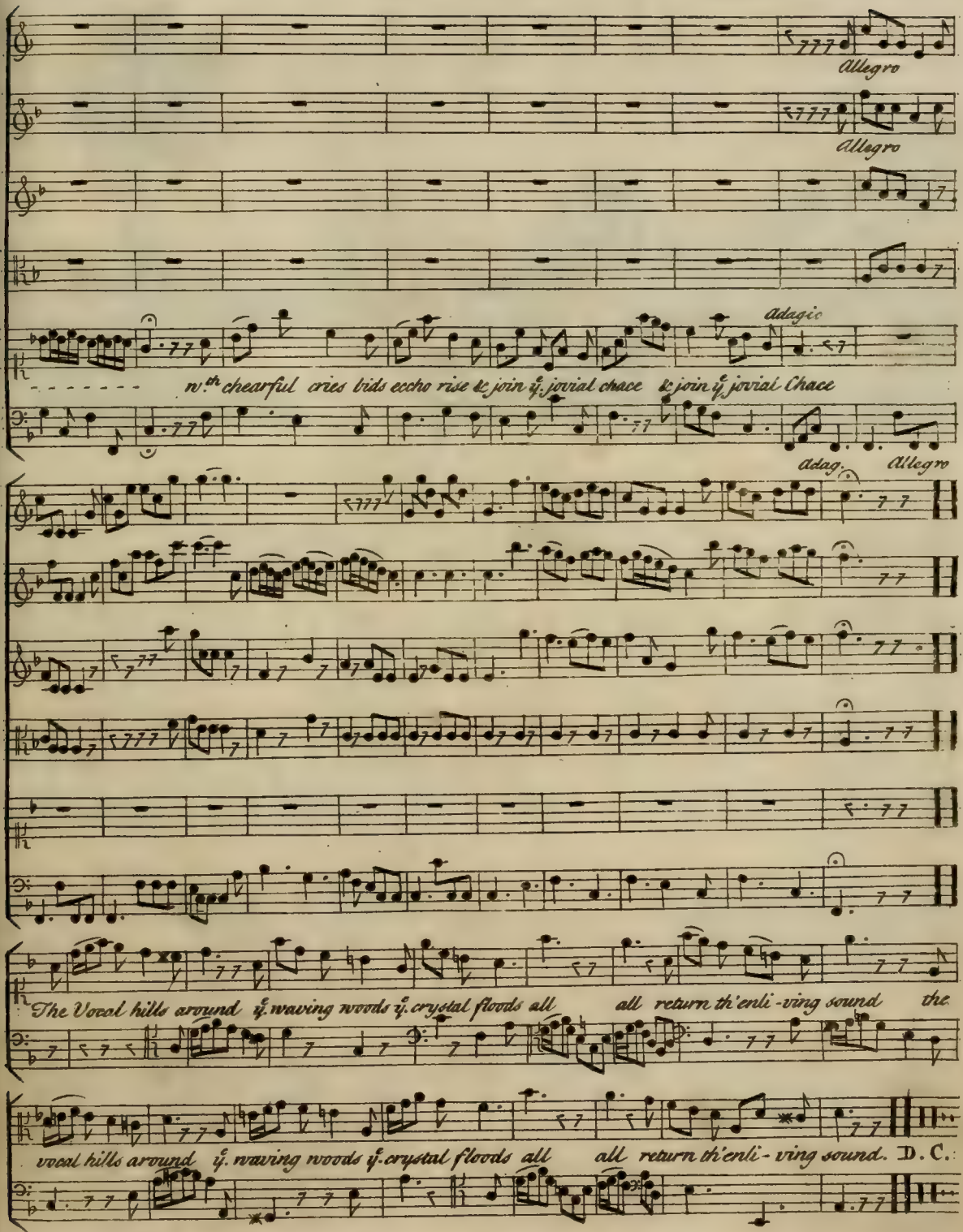
way. The hunters horse breaths hard & neighs aloud, & snuffs the air; and

pans ye sounding earth. The op'ning hound exalts all nature's pleas'd & ev'ry object

to the chase invites. But most these shades where oft in silent night Phebe her

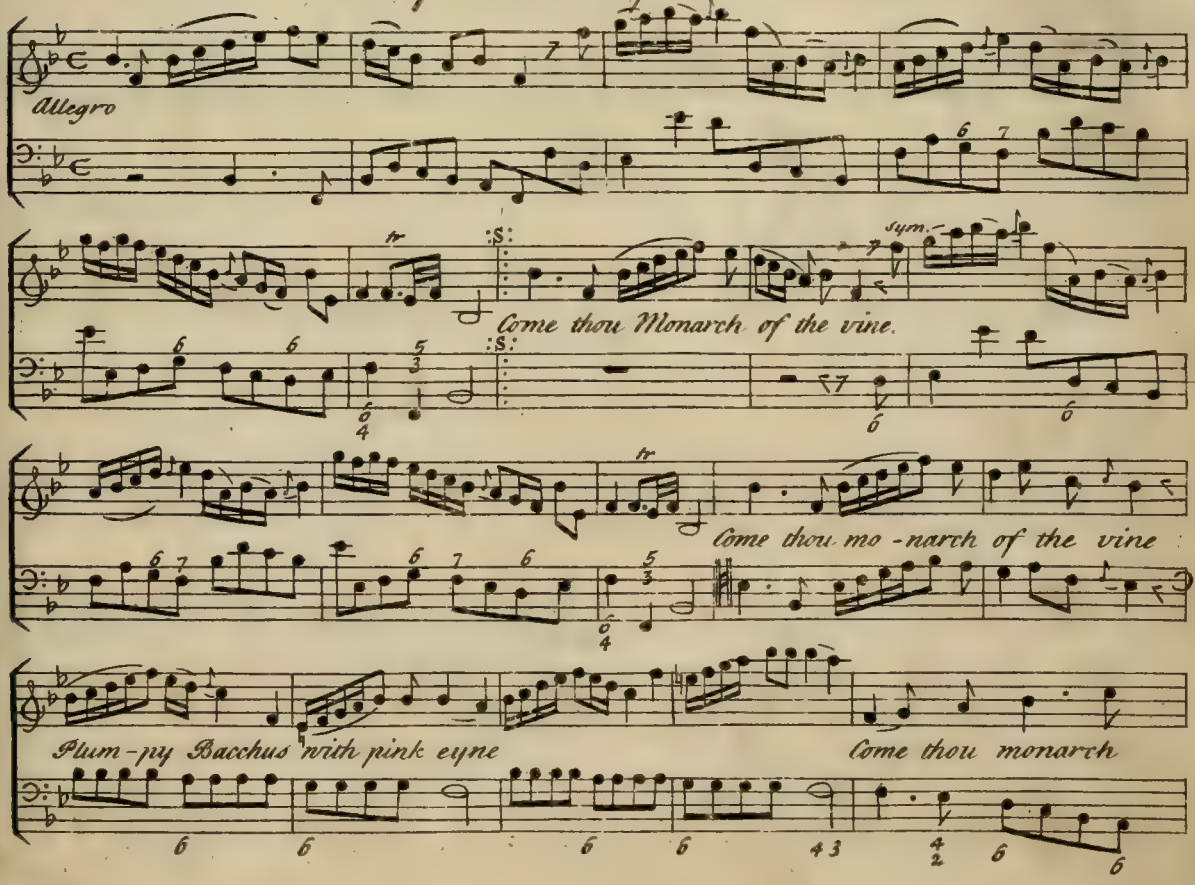

kindest influence sheds, and feeds the mind with thoughts contemplative as
oft she wakes Aurora with her chearful cries & early summons to th'harmonious Chase.
Horn
Violino 1.
2
Tenore
Voice
Baſse
With early horn salute y. morn that gilds this charming place wth. chearful cries bids

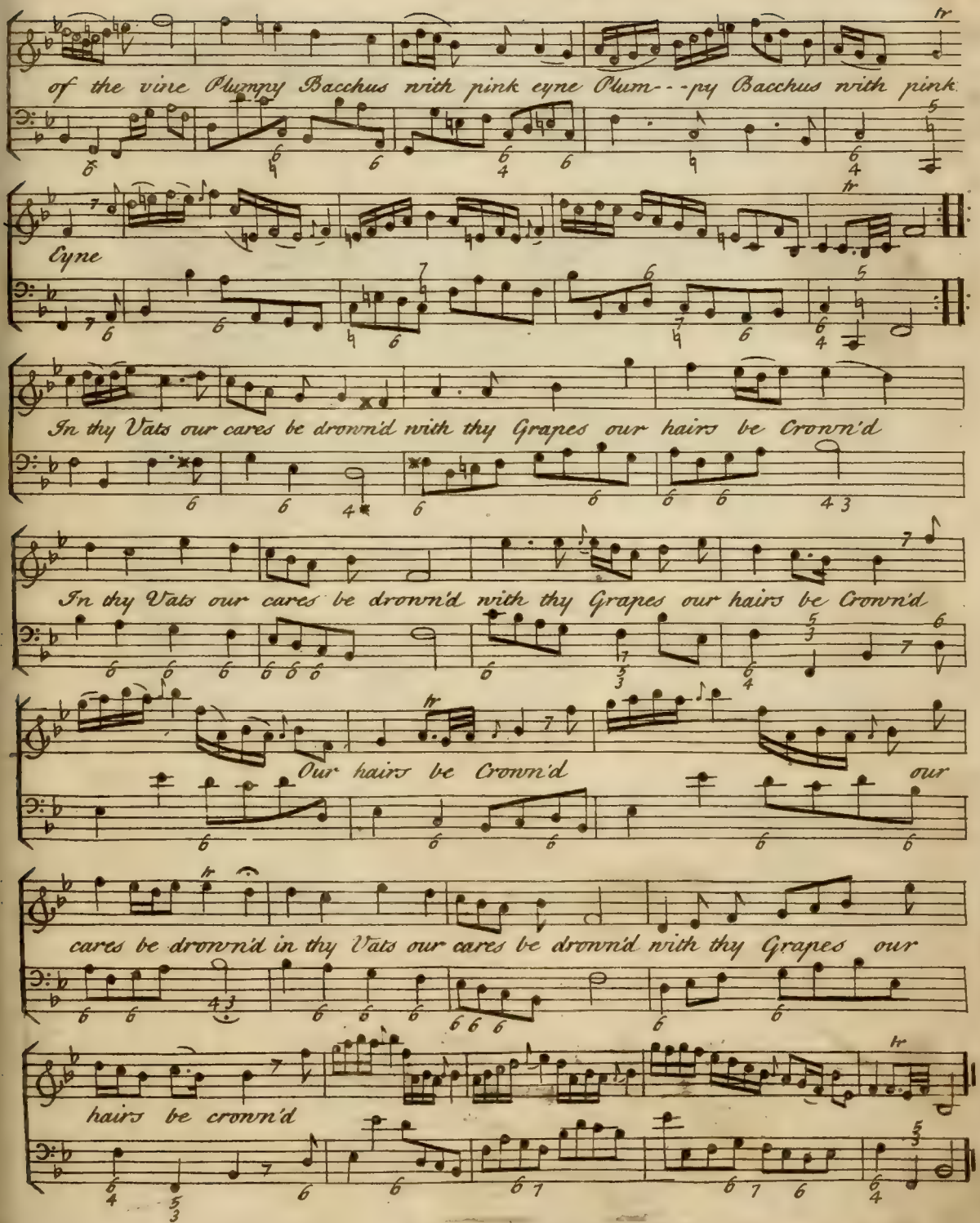

echo rise & join ỹ. jovial Chase - - - - - - - - - and join ỹ. jovial Chace - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - and
join ỹ. jovial Chace
With early horn salute ỹ. morn that gilds this charming


Place n^th. chearful cries bid eccho rise bid eccho rise and join the jovial Chace - - -


Allegro
Allegro
Adagio
w.th chearful cries bids eccho rise & join y. jovial chace & join y. jovial Chace
Adag.
Allegro
The Vocal hills around y. waving woods y. crystal floods all all return th'enli-ving sound the
vocal hills around y. waving woods y. crystal floods all all return th'enli-ving sound. D.C.

A NEW SONG

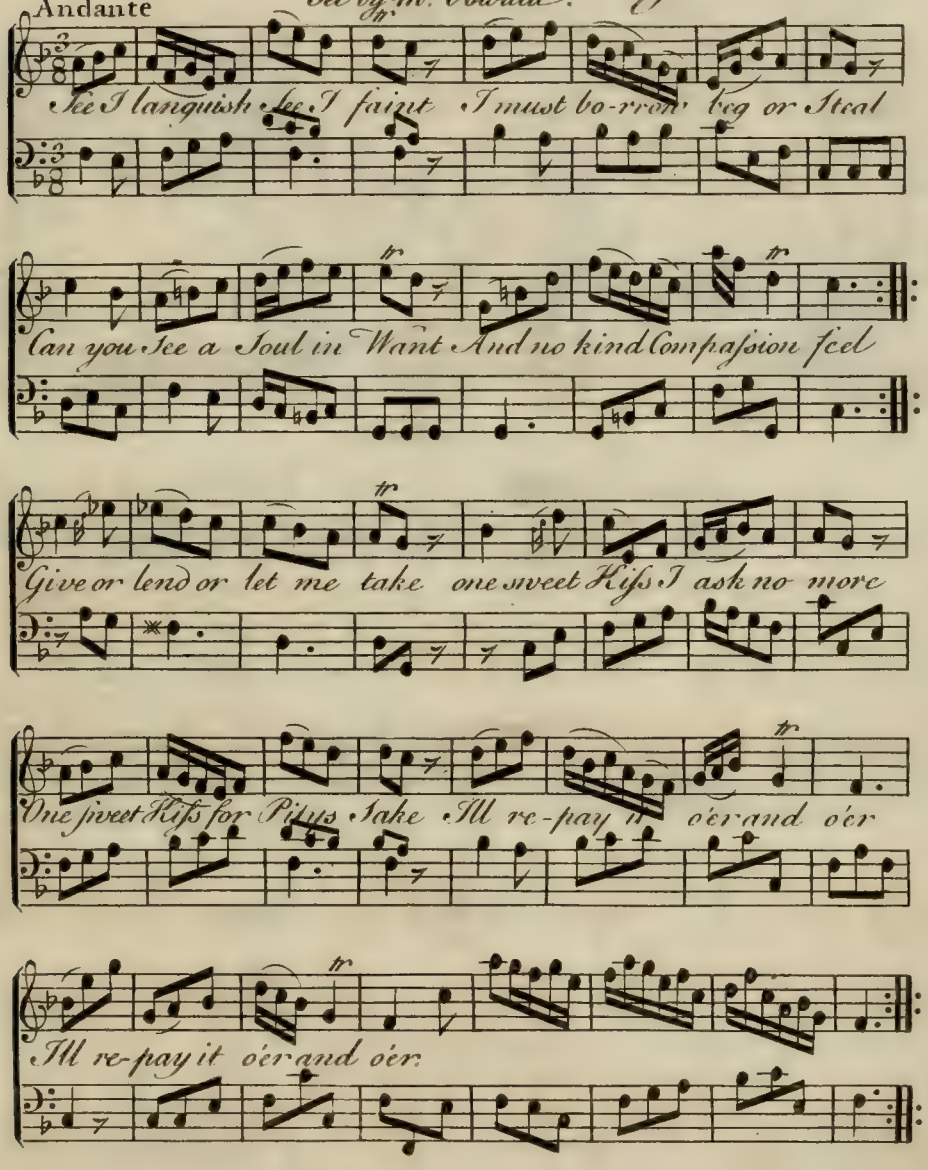
set by Mr. Chilcot of Bath



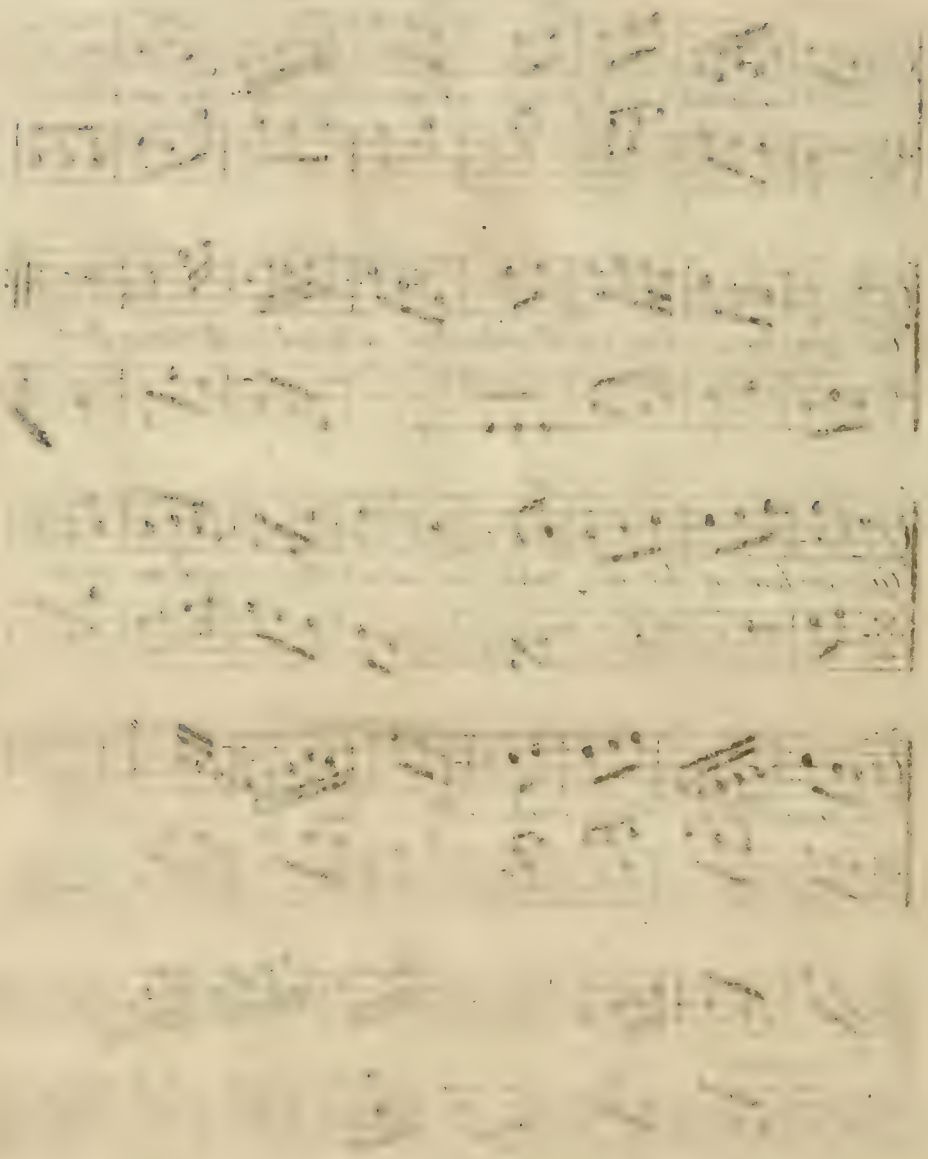

of the vine Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne Plum---py Bacchus with pink
Eyne
In thy Vats our cares be drownd with thy Grapes our hairs be Crownd
In thy Vats our cares be drownd with thy Grapes our hairs be Crownd
Our hairs be Crownd
our
cares be drownd in thy Vats our cares be drownd with thy Grapes our
hairs be crownd

The Borrow'd Kiss.

Andante

Set by Mr. Oswald.

See I languish see I faint I must bo-rrow beg or Steal
Can you see a Soul in Want And no kind Compassion feel
Give or lend or let me take one sweet Kiss I ask no more
One sweet Kiss for Pitys Sake Ill re-pay it o'er and o'er
Ill re-pay it o'er and o'er

Cloe heard and with a Smile
Kind Compassionate and Sweet
Colin its a Sin to Steal
And for me to give's not meet
But Ill lend a Kiss or twain
To poor Colin in Distress
Not that Ill be paid again
Colin I mean nothing less



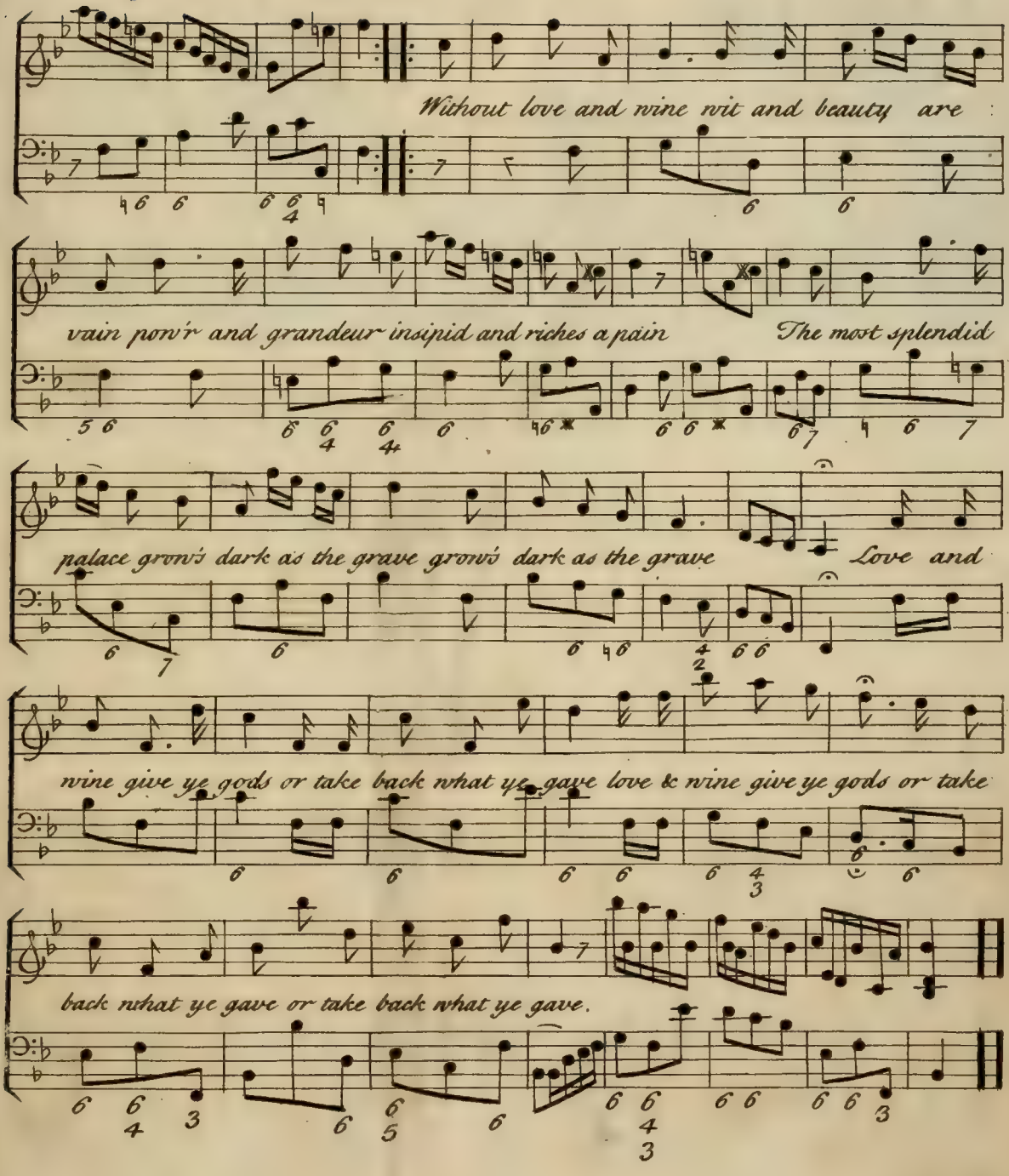
Set by Mr. Arne.

Fly swiftly ye minutes till Comus re-

-ceive ye nameless soft transports yt. beauty can give. The

bowls frolick joy let him teach her to prove and she in return yield the

raptures of love and she in return yeild the raptures of love


Without love and wine wit and beauty are
vain pow'r and grandeur insipid and riches a pain
The most splendid
palace grow's dark as the grave grow's dark as the grave
Love and
wine give ye gods or take back what ye gave love & wine give ye gods or take
back what ye gave or take back what ye gave.

A NEW SCOTS SONG

set by Mr. Oswald

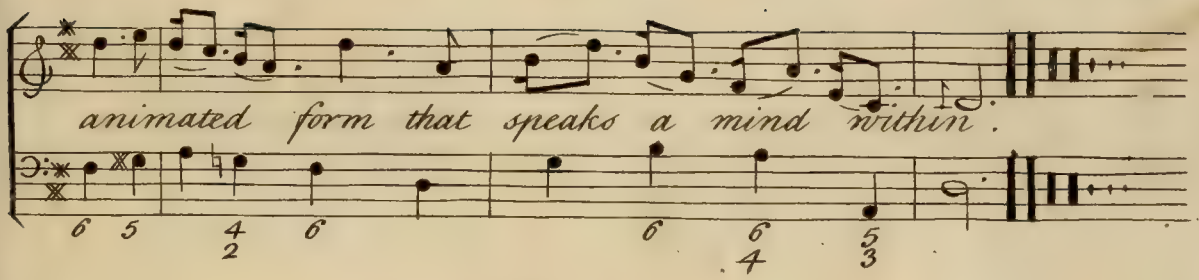
Andante

The Shape and Face let others prize the Features

of the Fair, I look for Spirit in her Eyes and

meaning in her Air A Damask Cheek an ivory

arm, shall ne'er my Wishes Win, Give me an

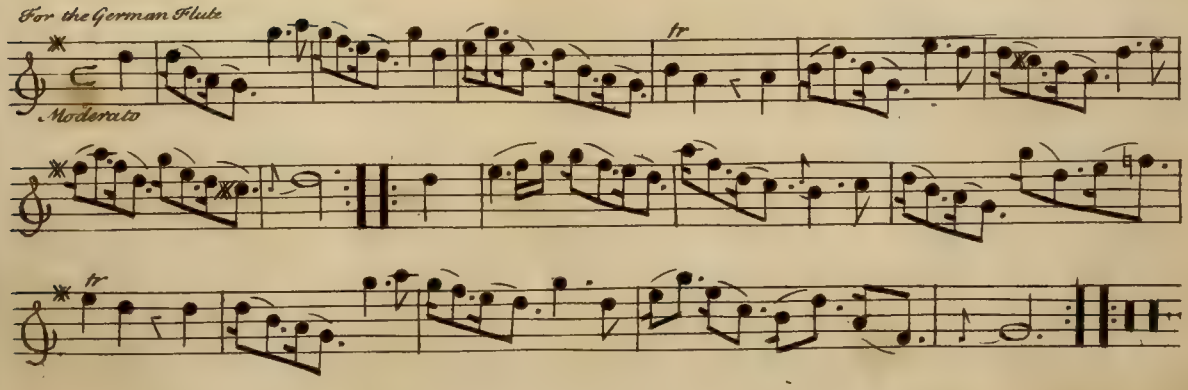


2

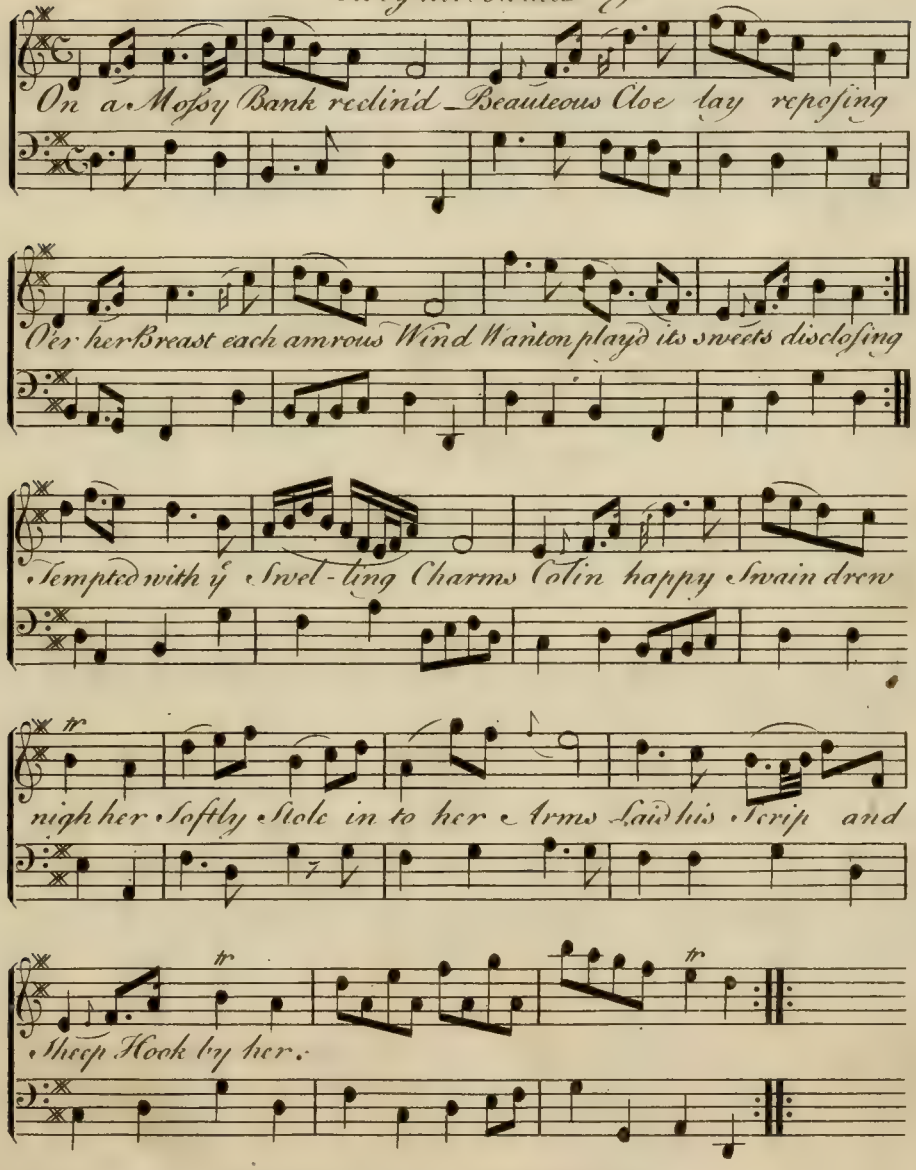
A Soul where awfull honour shines,
Where sence and sweetneſs move;
And angel innocence refined,
The tenderneſs of love:
These are the soul of beautys frame
Without whose Vital aid;
Unfinish'd all her features seem
And all the Roſes dead.

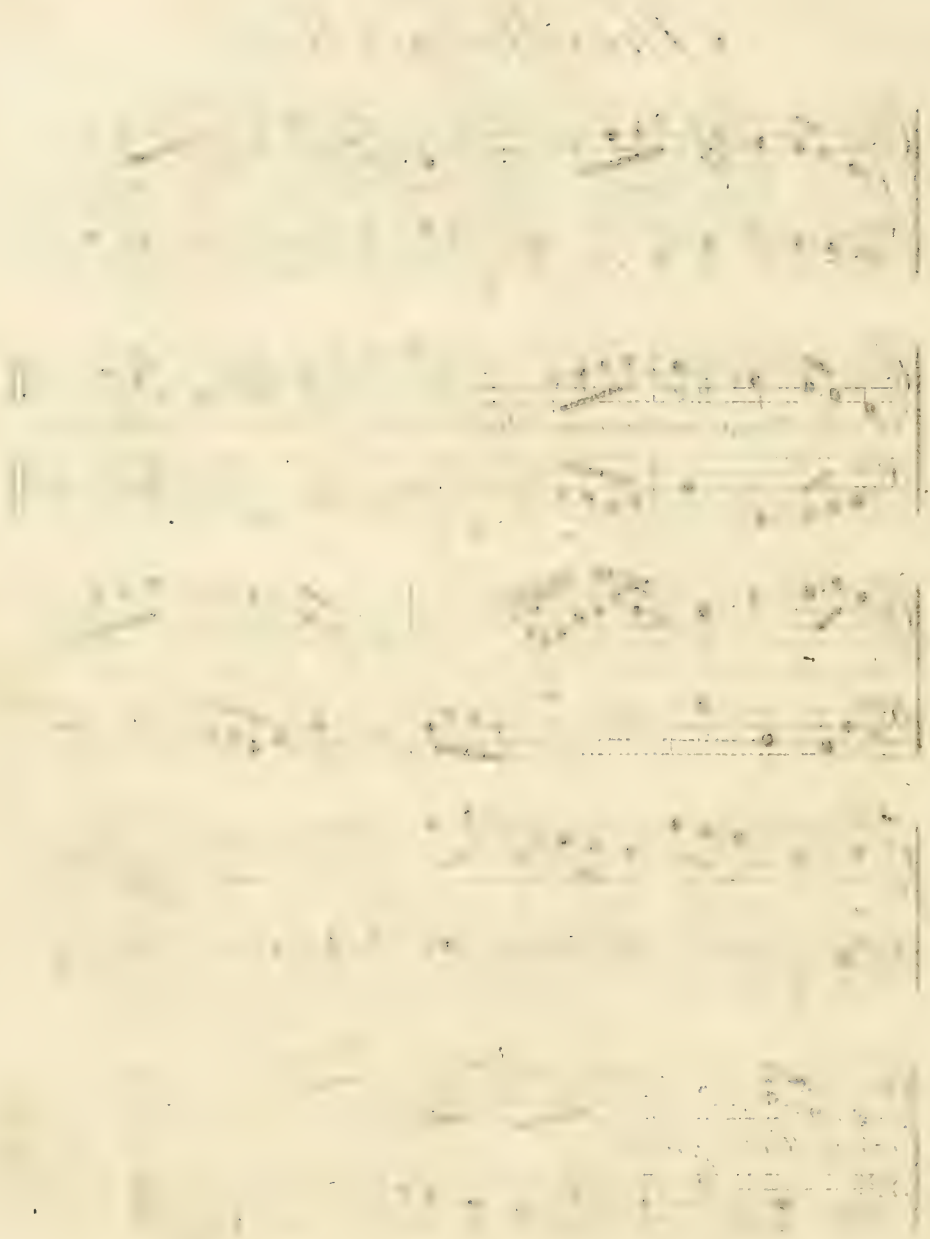
3

But ah! when both their charms unite,
How perfect is the View,
With ev'ry image of delight,
And graces ever new;
Their pow'r but faintly to expreſs,
All language must despair;
But go behold aspasias face
And read it perfect there.

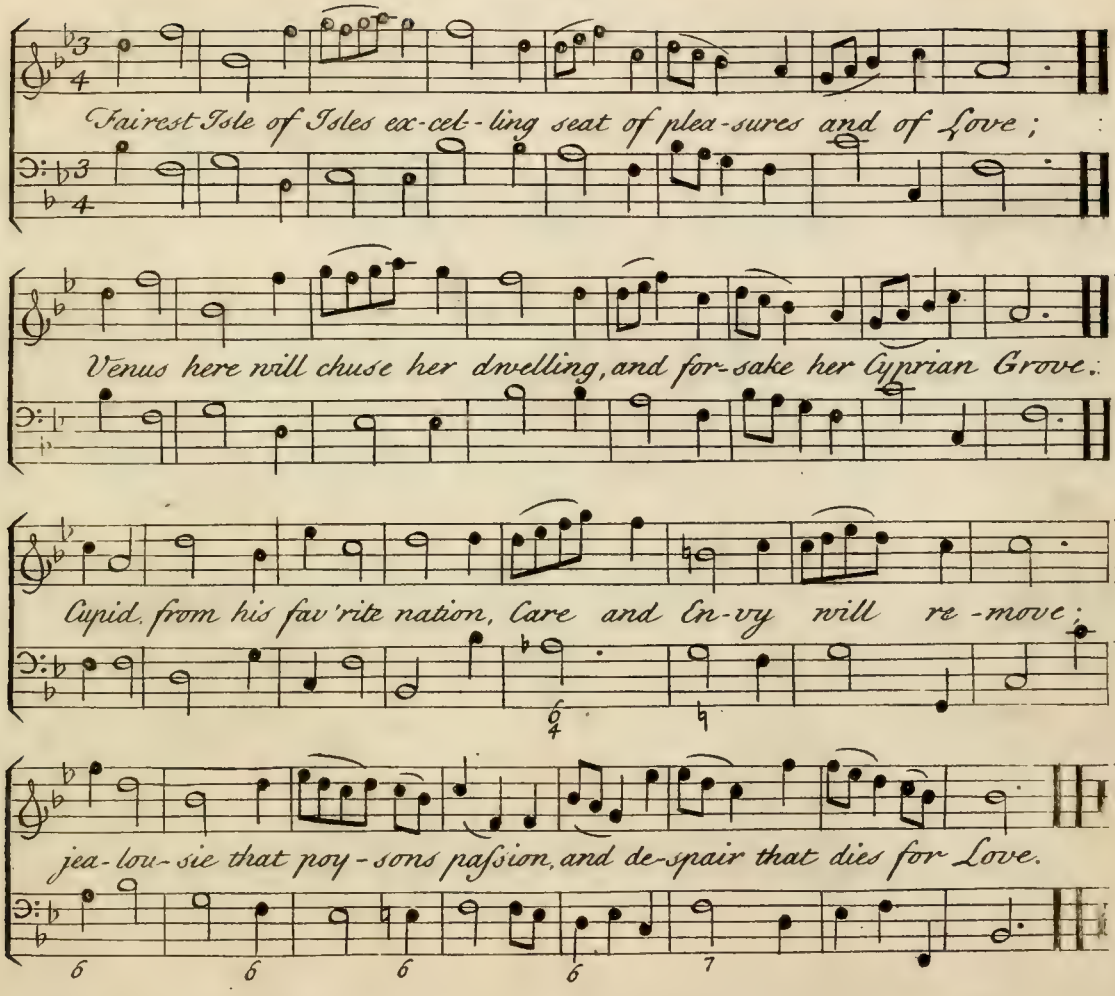


The Stolen Kiss.

Set by Mr. Oswald

On a Mossy Bank reclin'd Beauteous Cloe lay reposing
Over her Breast each amrous Wind Wanton play'd its sweets disclosing
Tempted with ye Swel-ling Charms Colin happy Swain drew
tr
nigh her Softly Stole in to her Arms Laid his Scrip and
tr
tr
Sheep Hook by her.

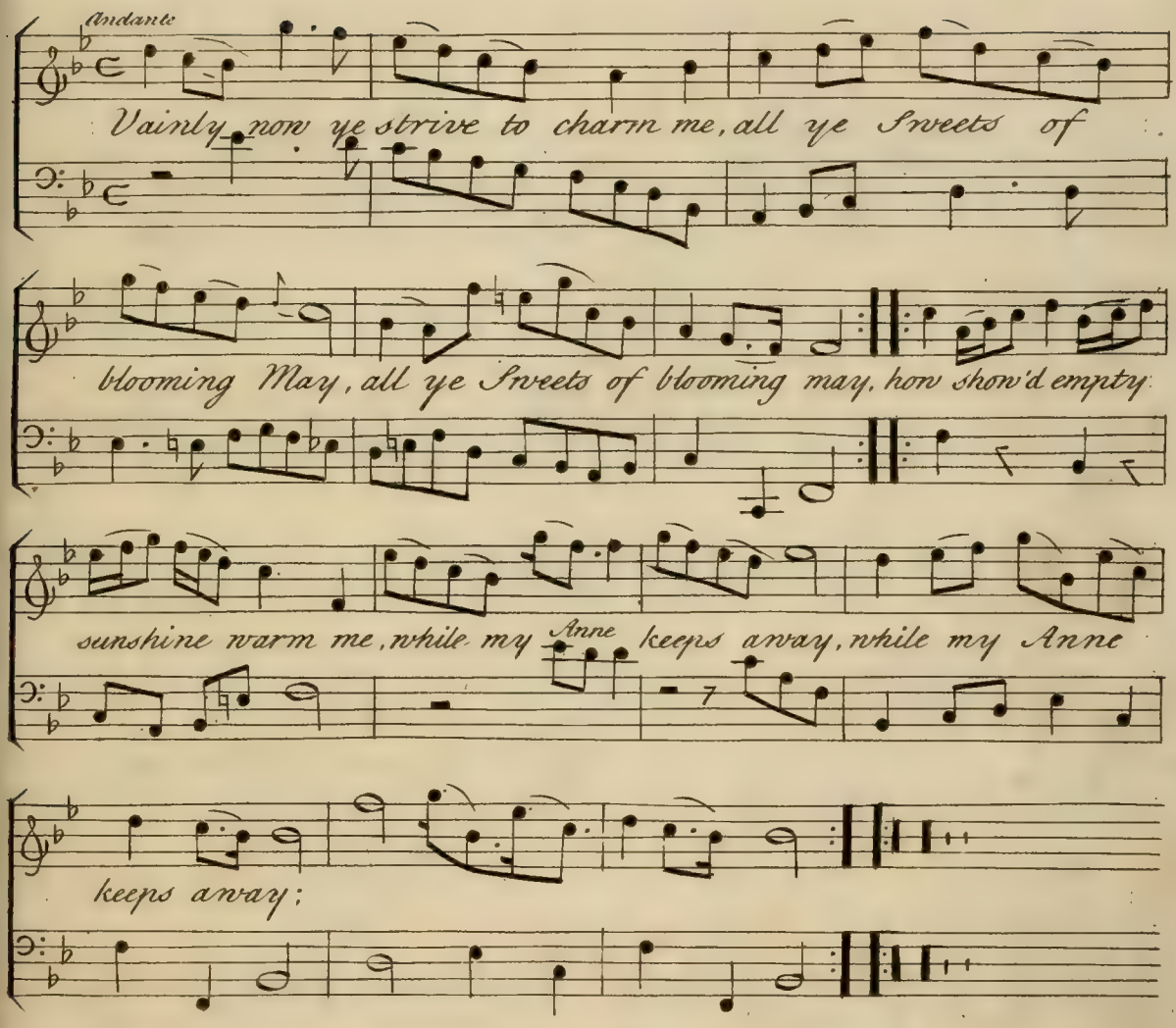
Over her downy panting Breast —
His delighted Fingers roving —
To her Lips his Lips he prest —
In the Extacy of Loving —
Cloe, waken'd with his Kiss —
Pleas'd yet frowning to Conceal it
Cry'd true Lovers share ye Bliss —
Why then Colin would you Steal it.

Fairest Isle

set by Mr. Purcell


Fairest Isle of Isles ex-cel-ling seat of plea-sures and of Love;
Venus here will chuse her dwelling, and for-sake her Cyprian Grove.
Cupid from his fav'rite nation, Care and En-vy will re-move;
jea-lou-sie that poy-sons paſsion, and de-spair that dies for Love.

Gentle Murmurs, ſoft Complaining,
Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;
Soft Repulses, kind diſdaining,
Shall be all the Pains you prove.
Ev'ry Swain ſhall pay his Duty,
Grateful ev'ry Nymph ſhall prove;
And as theſe excell in Beauty
Thoſe ſhall be renown'd for Love.

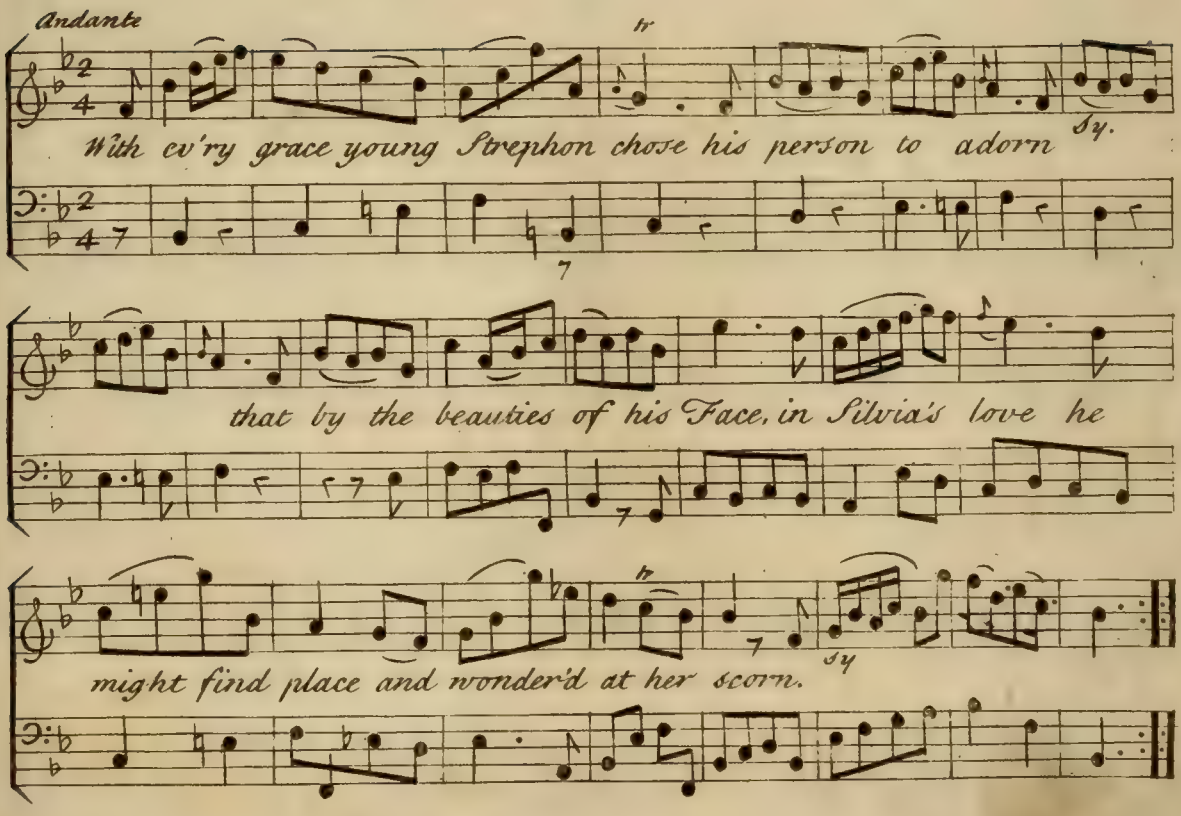
Set by Mr. Oswald


Andante
Vainly now ye strive to charm me, all ye Sweets of
blooming May, all ye Sweets of blooming may, how show'd empty
sunshine warm me, while my Anne keeps away, while my Anne
keeps away;

Go, ye warbling Birds, go leave me,
Shade, ye Clouds, the smiling Sky;
Shade ye &c.
Sweeter Notes her Voice can give me,
Softer Sunshine fills her Eye,
Softer &c.

The Wit & Beau

set by Mr. Oswald


Andante
tr
With ev'ry grace young Strephon chose his person to adorn
Sy.
that by the beauties of his Face, in Silvia's love he
might find place and wonder'd at her scorn.
Sy

2

With Bows and Smiles he did his Part,
But Oh! 'twas all in vain:
A Youth less fine, a Youth of Art,
Had talk'd himself into her Heart,
And would not out again.

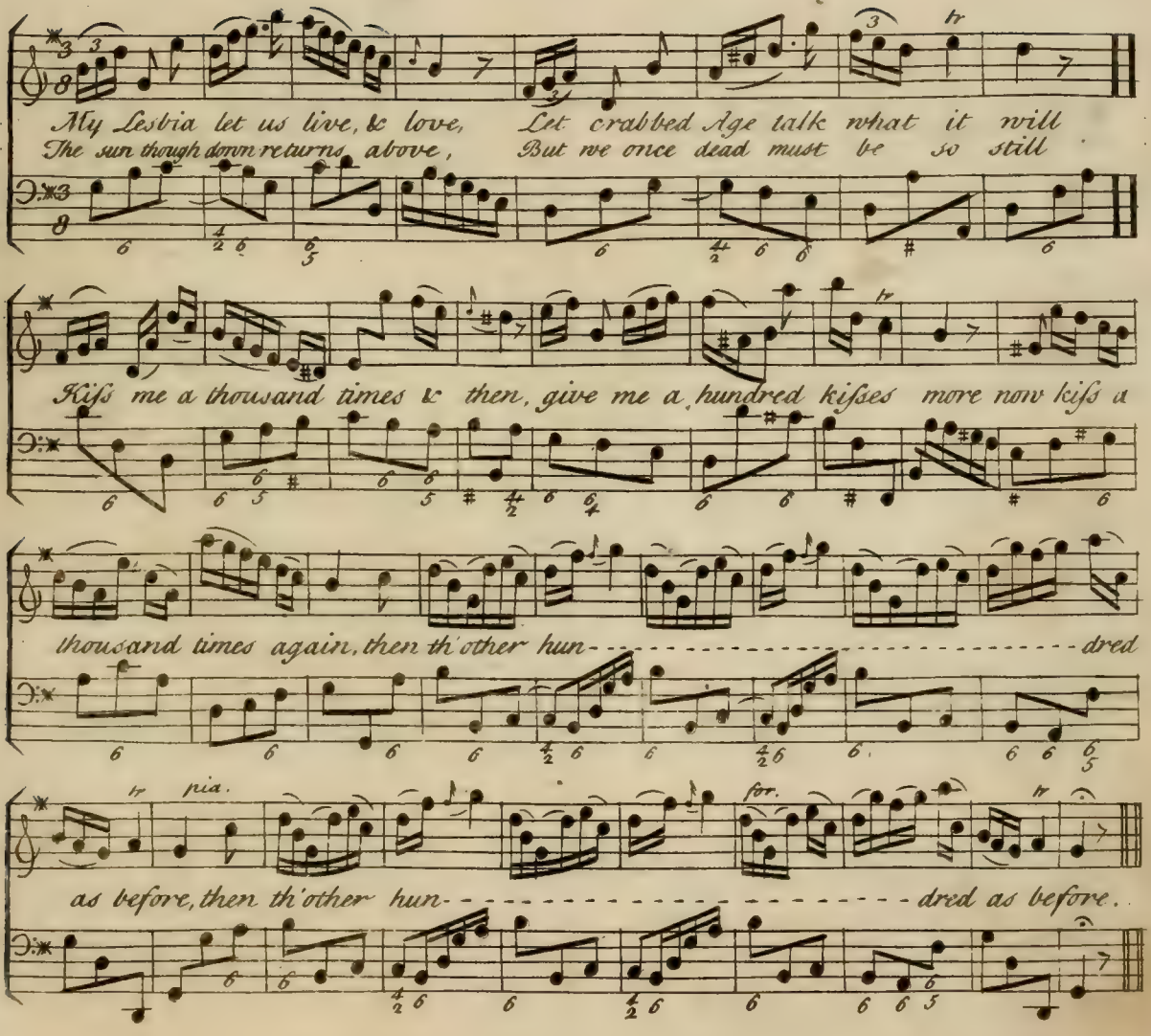
3

With Change of Habits Strephon press'd
And urg'd her to admire;
His Love alone the other dress'd,
As Verse or Prose became it best.
And mov'd her soft Desire.

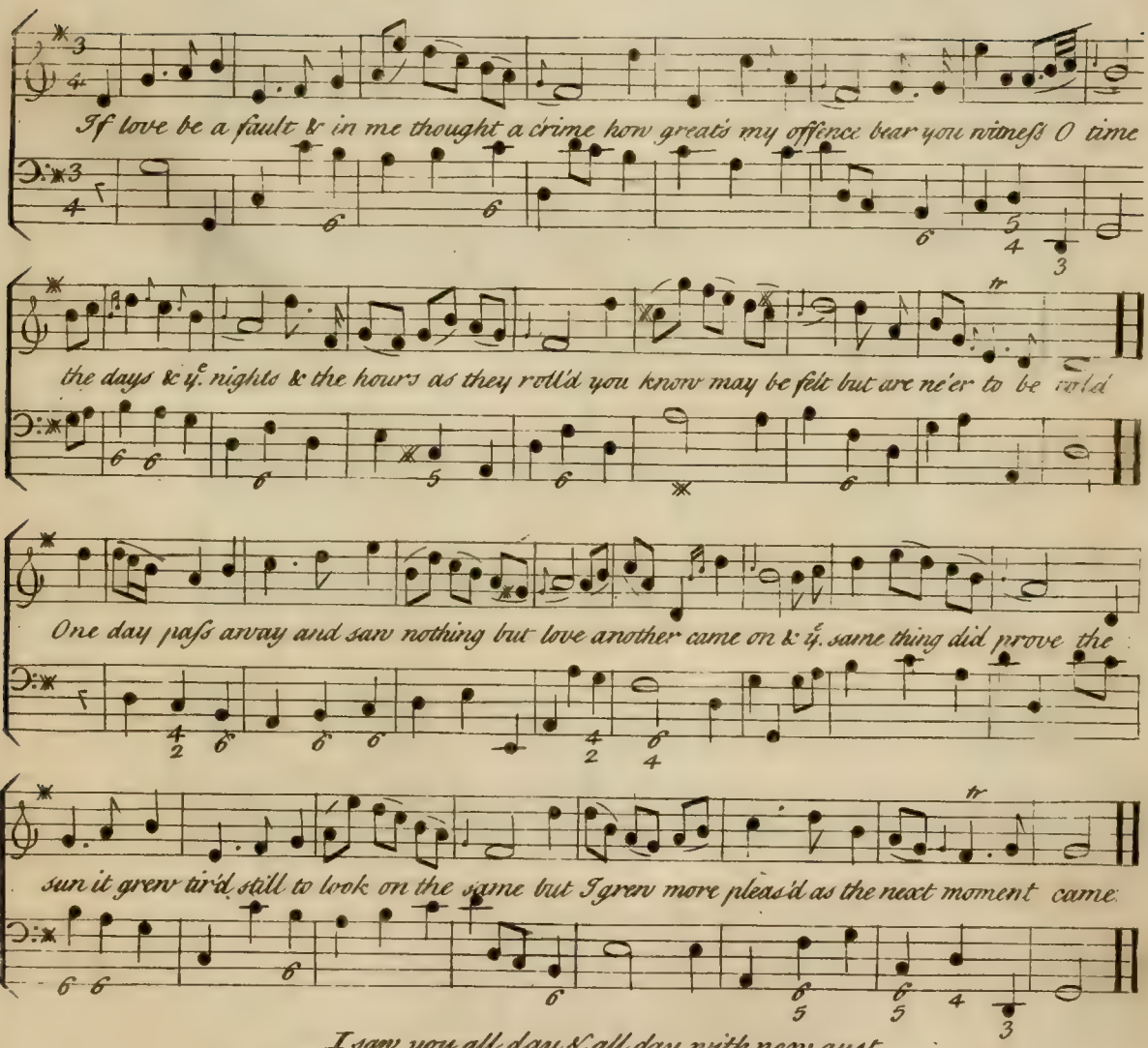
4

This found, his courtship Strephon ends,
Or makes it to his Glass,
There in himself now seeks amends;
Convinc'd that where a Wit pretends,
A Beau is but an Ass.—

Set by Mr. Lampe

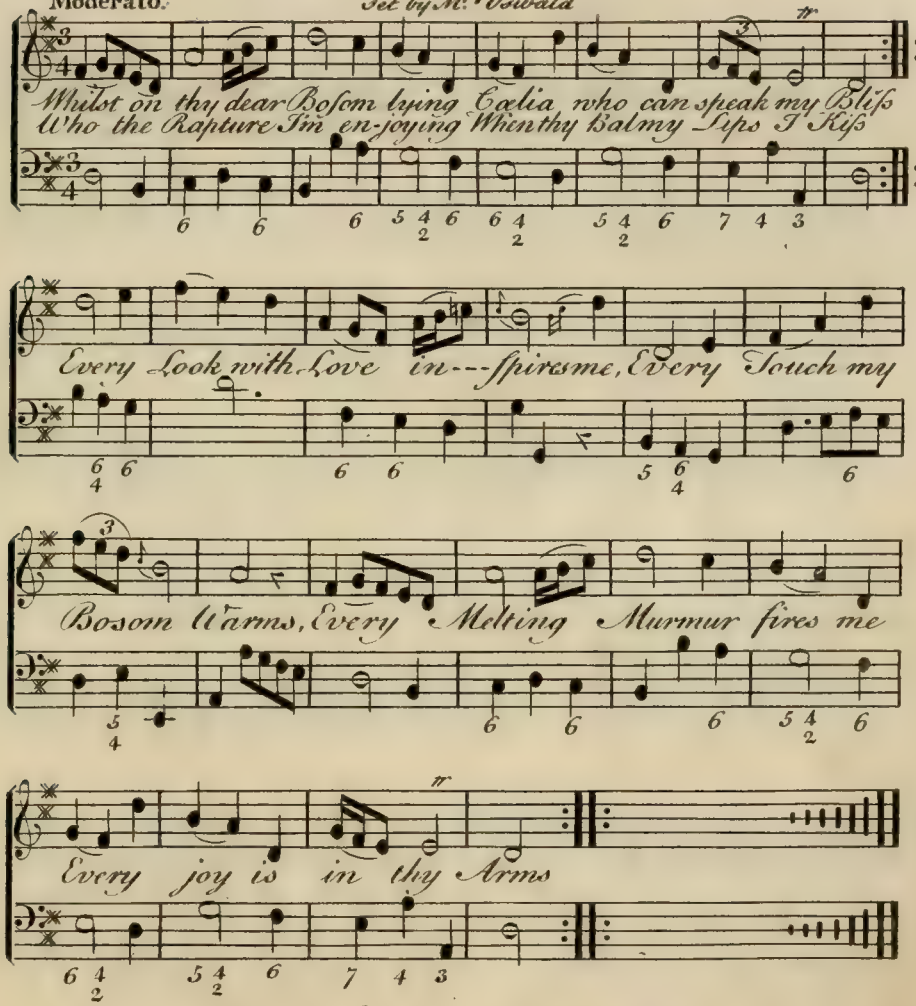

My Lesbia let us live, & love, Let crabbed Age talk what it will
The sun though down returns above, But we once dead must be so still
Kiss me a thousand times & then, give me a hundred kisses more now kiss a
thousand times again, then th'other hun- - - -

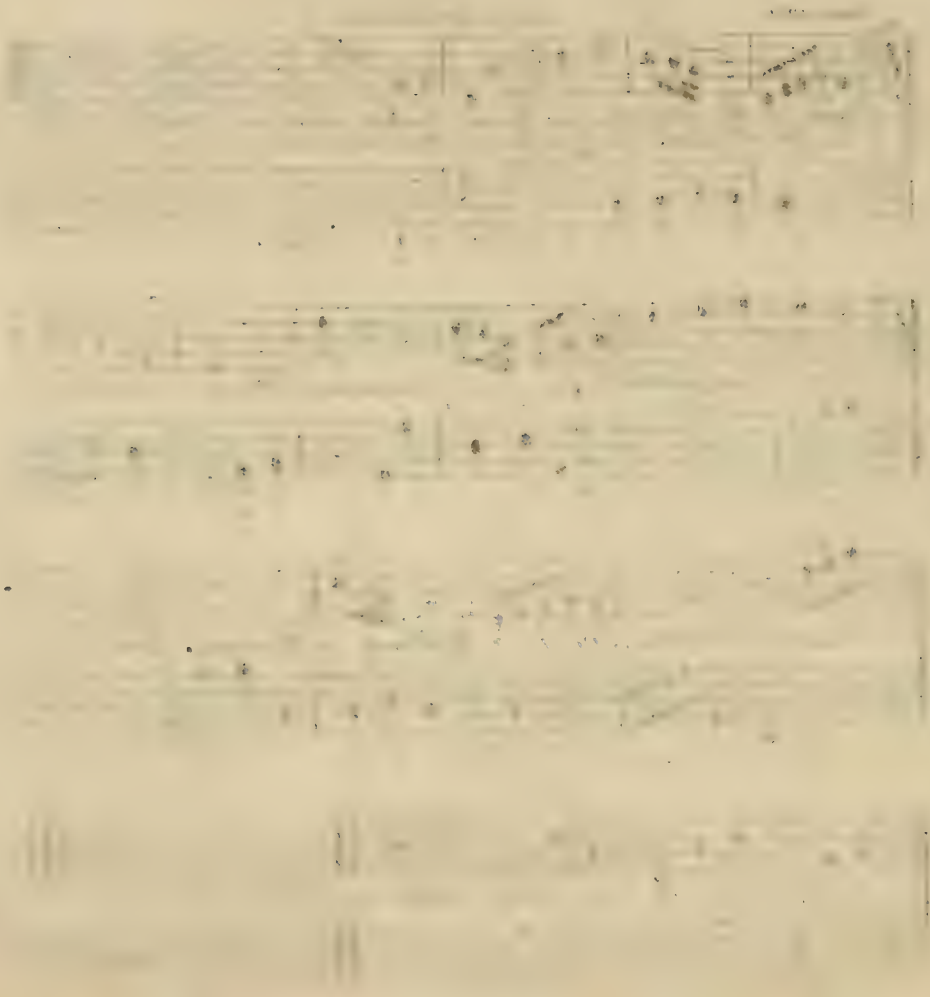
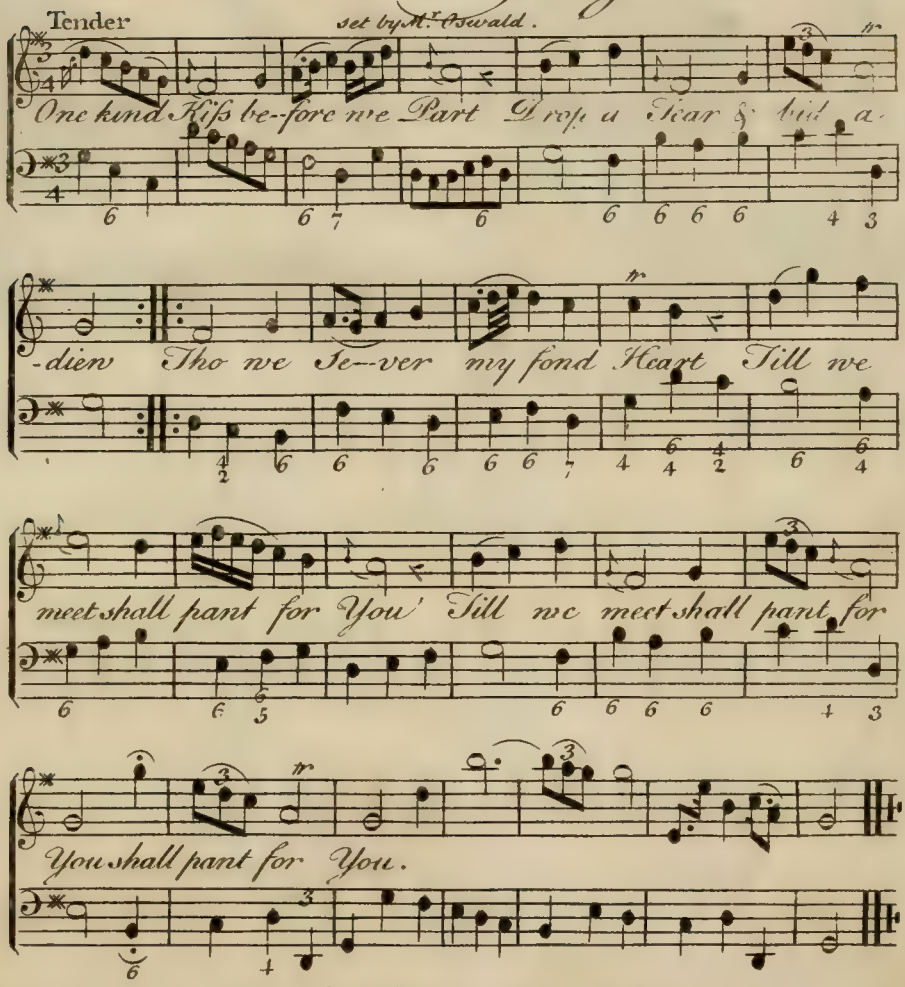
Set by M.r Howard


If love be a fault & in me thought a crime how great's my offence bear you witness O time
the days & ye. nights & the hours as they roll'd you know may be felt but are ne'er to be told
One day pass away and saw nothing but love another came on & ye. same thing did prove the
sun it grew tir'd still to look on the same but I grew more pleas'd as the next moment came

I saw you all day & all day with new gust
And yet ev'ry day was to me as the first
Thus fleeting time passes with down on its Wings
And whilst this remains rest unenvy'd ye Kings
If this be a Crime be my Judges ye Fair
And if I must suffer for what is so rare
True Lovers hereafter this wonder shall tell
The cause of my death was for loving too well

The Rapture.

Moderato. Set by Mr. Oswald

Whilst on thy dear Bosom lying Cœlia, who can speak my Bliss
Who the Rapture I'm en-joying When thy Balmy Lips I Kiss
Every Look with Love in---spires me, Every Touch my
Bosom Warms, Every Melting Murmur fires me
Every joy is in thy Arms

Those dear Eyes how Soft they languish
Feel my heart with Rapture beat
Pleasure turns almost to Anguish
When y^e Transport is so sweet
Look not so divinely on me
Cœlia I shall die with Bliss
Yet, yet turn those Eyes upon me
Who'd not die a death like this.

The Parting Kiss.

Tender
set by Mr. Oswald.
One kind Kiss be-fore we Part Drop a Tear & bid a-
-dieu Tho we Se--ver my fond Heart Till we
meet shall pant for You' Till we meet shall pant for
You shall pant for You.

Yet yet Weep not so my Love
Let me Kiss that falling Tear
Tho' my Body must remove
All my Soul will still be here
All my Soul will still be here
will still be here

All my Soul and all my Heart
And every Wish shall pant for you
One kind Kiss then ere we part
Drop a Tear and bid Adieu
Drop a Tear and bid Adieu
and bid Adieu

A NEW SONG, the Words by a Lady of Quality.
set by Mr. Oswald

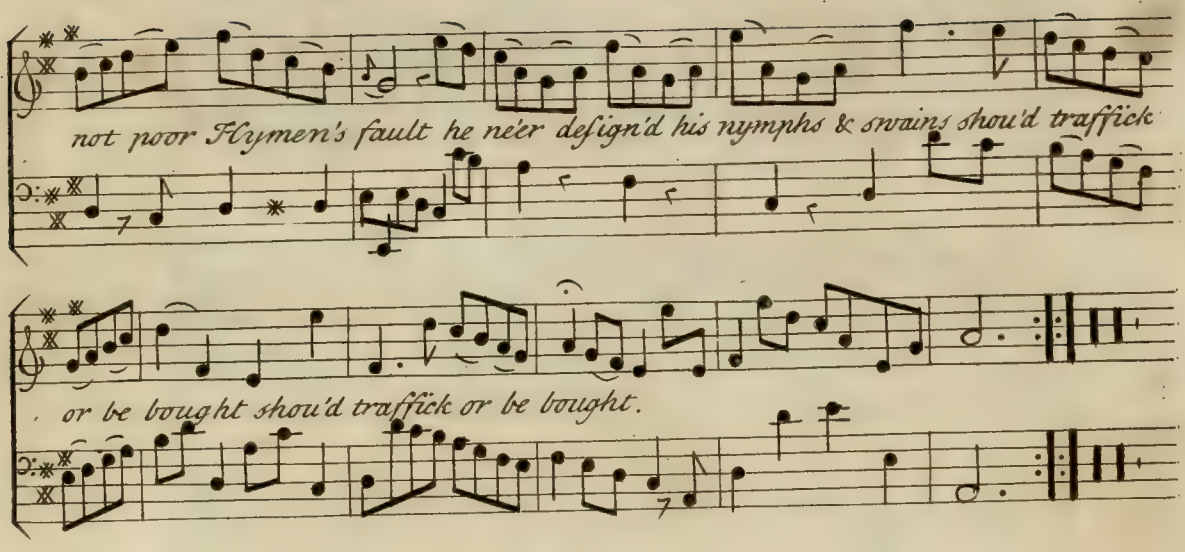
Sym.

Moderato

Shou'd Love Sincere devoid of artless

joy or bliss bestow, Because the hand goes with the heart must

that create our woe, Tho' hymen's torch burns often dim 'Tis



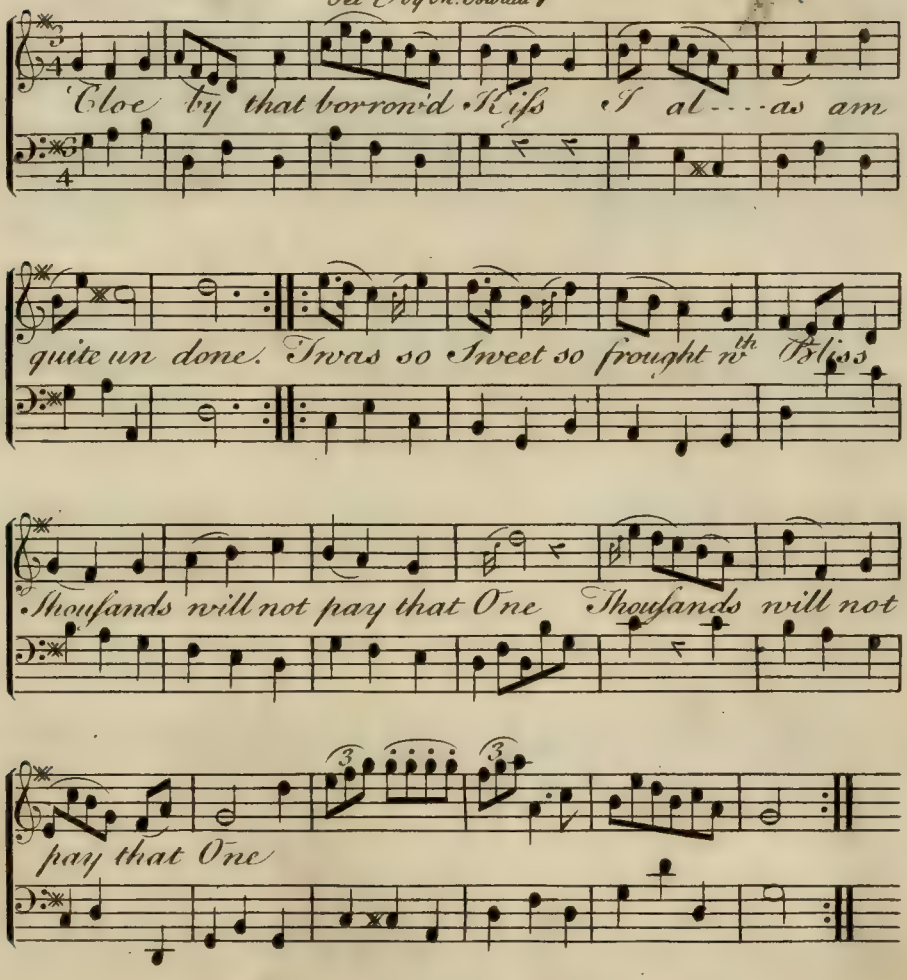
2

But plutus, foe to gen'rous Love,
It's ruin curse and bane,
Resolv'd that gold shou'd only move,
The youthfull nymph and swain:
Thus riches joyn's unequal pairs,
Neglecting care and rule,
The ugly with the blooming fair,
The witty with the fool:
The witty with &c.

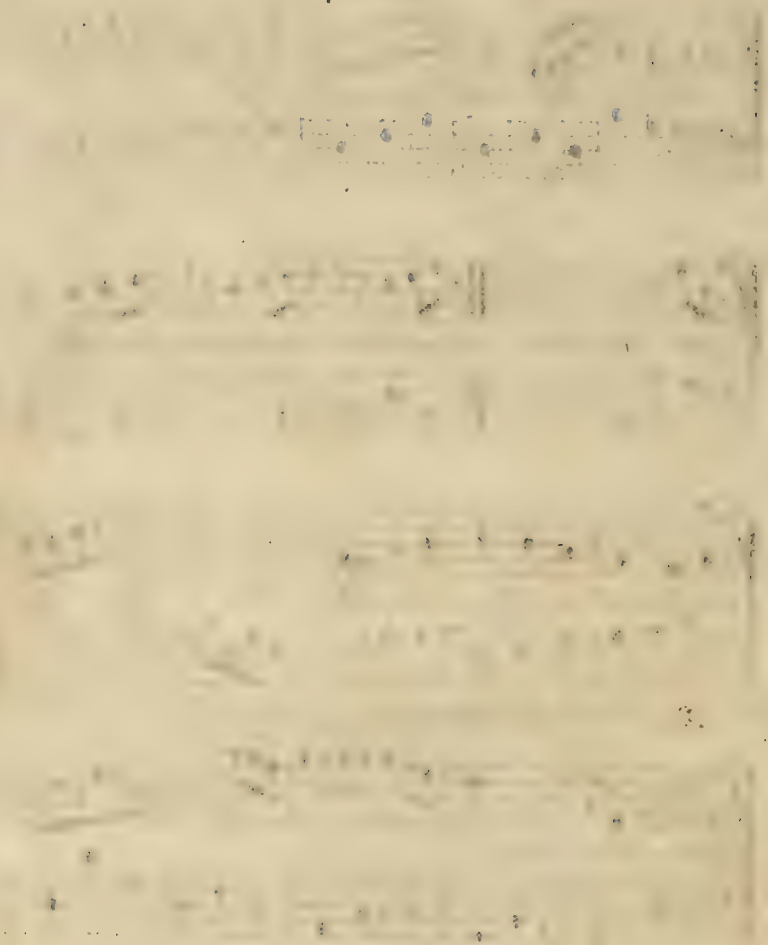
3

Let sense and merit fix your choice
Good nature too should aid
Attend to truth's unerring Voice
And let not wealth perswade
A partner thus, by reason chose,
Your tenderness repays
No chains, no fetters, will impose
But sooths your nights and days
But sooths &c.

The Kiss Repaid.

Set by Mr. Oswald

Cloe by that borrow'd Kiss I al----as am
quite un done. Twas so Sweet so frought wth Bliss
Thousands will not pay that One Thousands will not
pay that One

Least the Debt should break your Heart
Roguish Cloe smiling Cries,
Come a Thousand then in part
For the present shall Suffice.
For the present shall Suffice.



Phebe. A Pastoral.

Set by Mr Oswald

My Time Oh ye Muses was happi-ly spent. When Phebe went with me, where
Ten thousand soft Pleasures I felt in my Breast. Sure ne ver fond Shepherd, like
ever I went; But now She is gone and has left me be hind, what a
Colin was blest;
mervellous Change on a sudden I find, When things were as fine as could
possibly be. I thought it was Spring, but a-las it was She.

1

The Fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
Thou knowest little Cupid if Phebe was there.
'Twas Pleasure to look at 'twas Musick to hear.
But now she is absent, I walk by its Side,
And still as it Murmurs do, nothing but chide;
Must you be so chearful, whilst I go in Pain,
Peace there with your Bubbling & hear me complain

2

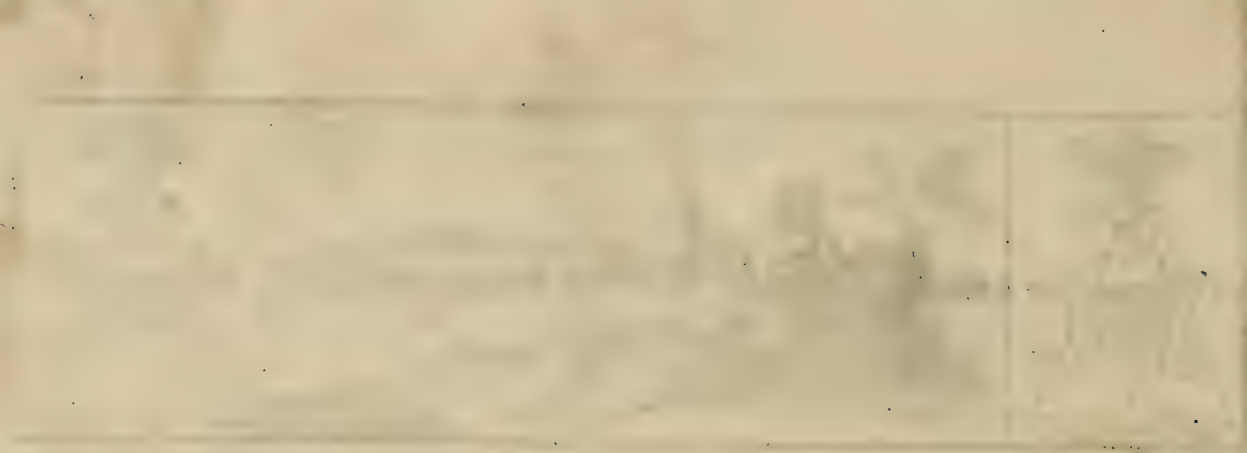
My Dog, I was ever well pleased to see,
Come wagging his Tail to my fair One and me:
And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my Dog said,
Come hither poor fellow, and patted his Head.
But now when he's fawning I with a sour Look
Cry Sirrah and give him a Blow with my Crook:
And I'll give him another: for why should not Tray,
Be dull as his Master when Phebe's away.

3

Sweet Musick went with us both all the Wood thro'
The Lark, Linnet, Throstle, and Nightingale too:
Winds over us whisperd, Flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the Grass-hopper under our Feet.
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
The Woods are but lonly, the Melody's gone:
Her Voice in the Concert, as now I have found,
Give every thing else its agreeable sound.

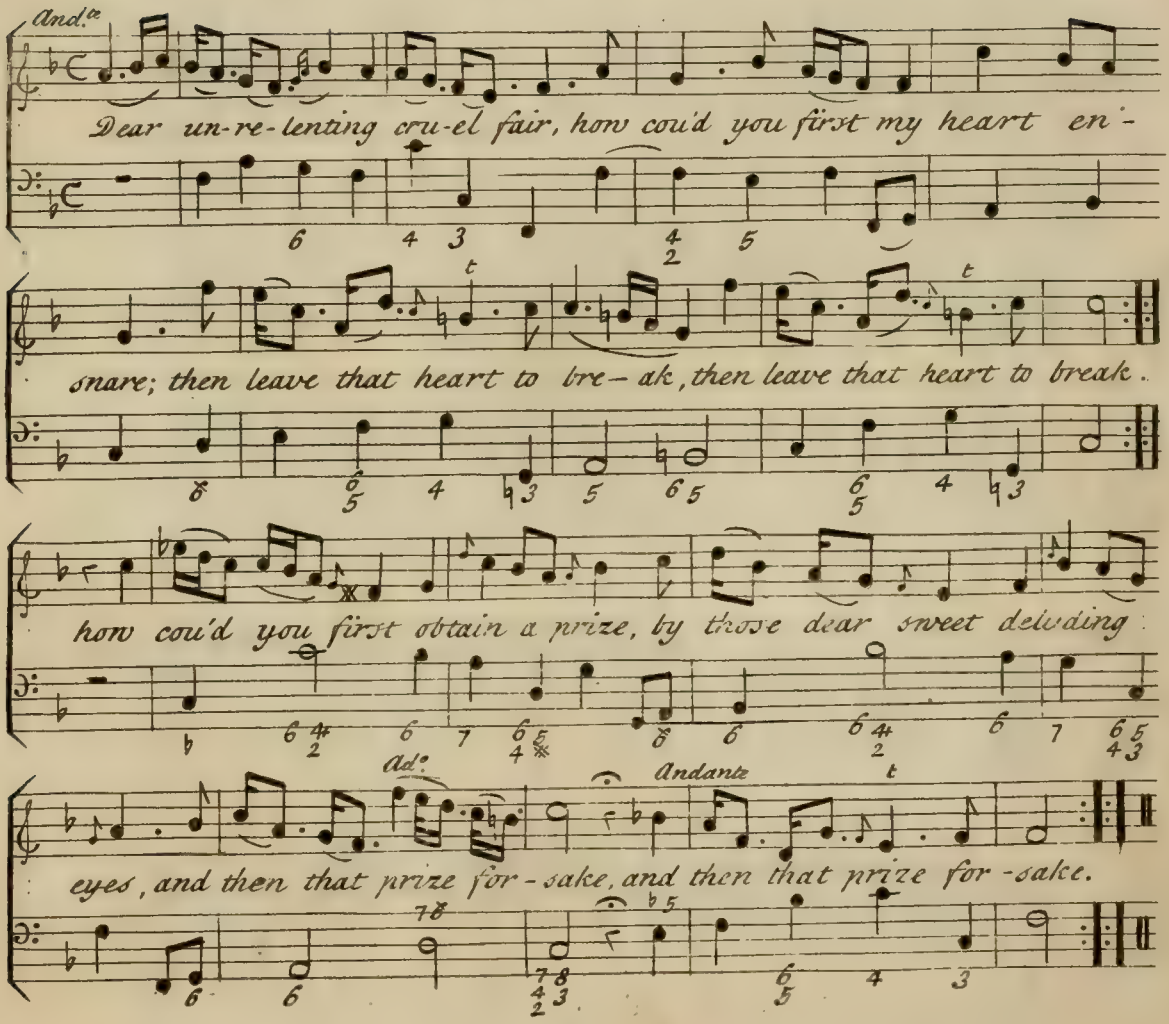
5

Will no pitying Power that hears me complain,
Or cure my Disquiet, or soften my pain:
To be cur'd thou must Colin thy Passion remove.
But what Swain is so silly to live without Love,
No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return.
For ne'er was poor Shepherd so sadly forlorne:
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with Despair.
Take heed all ye Swains, how you love one so fair.



To Sacharissa

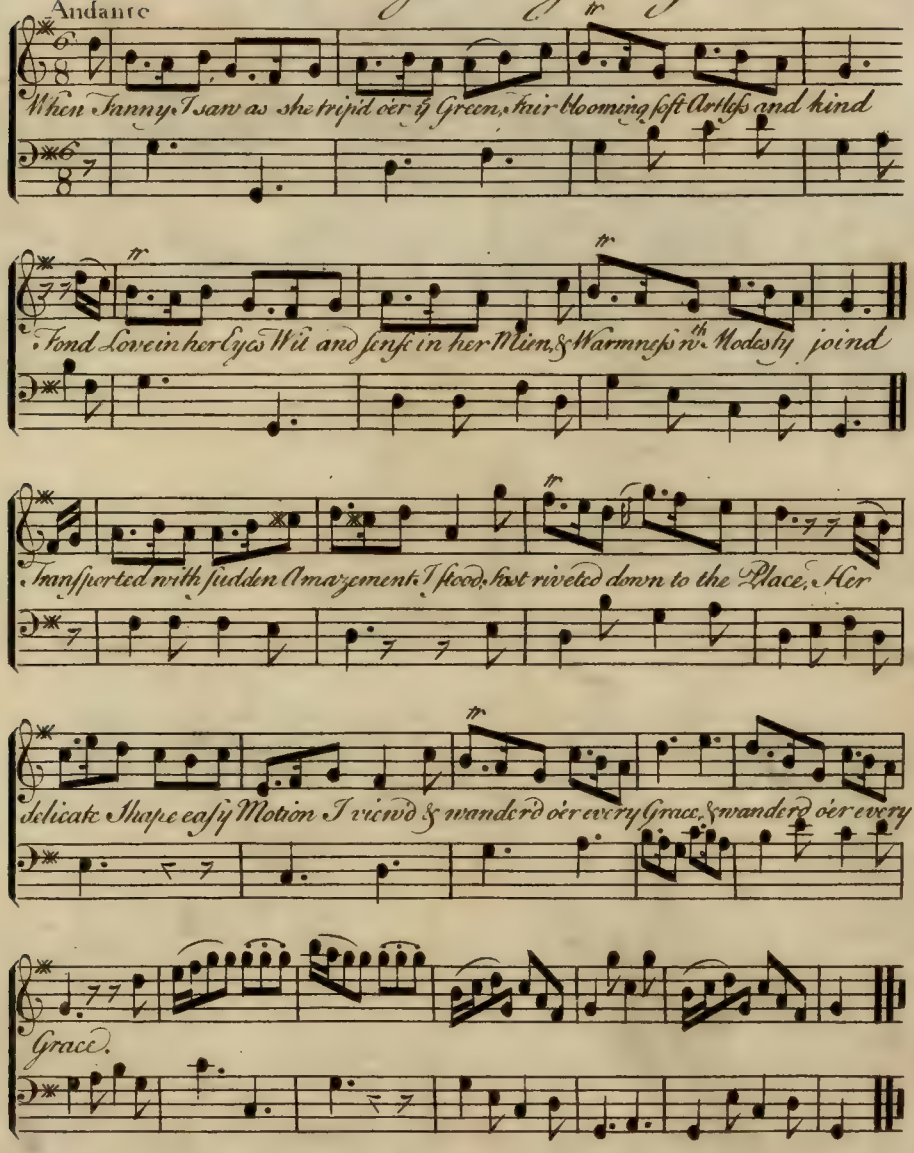
A NEW SONG

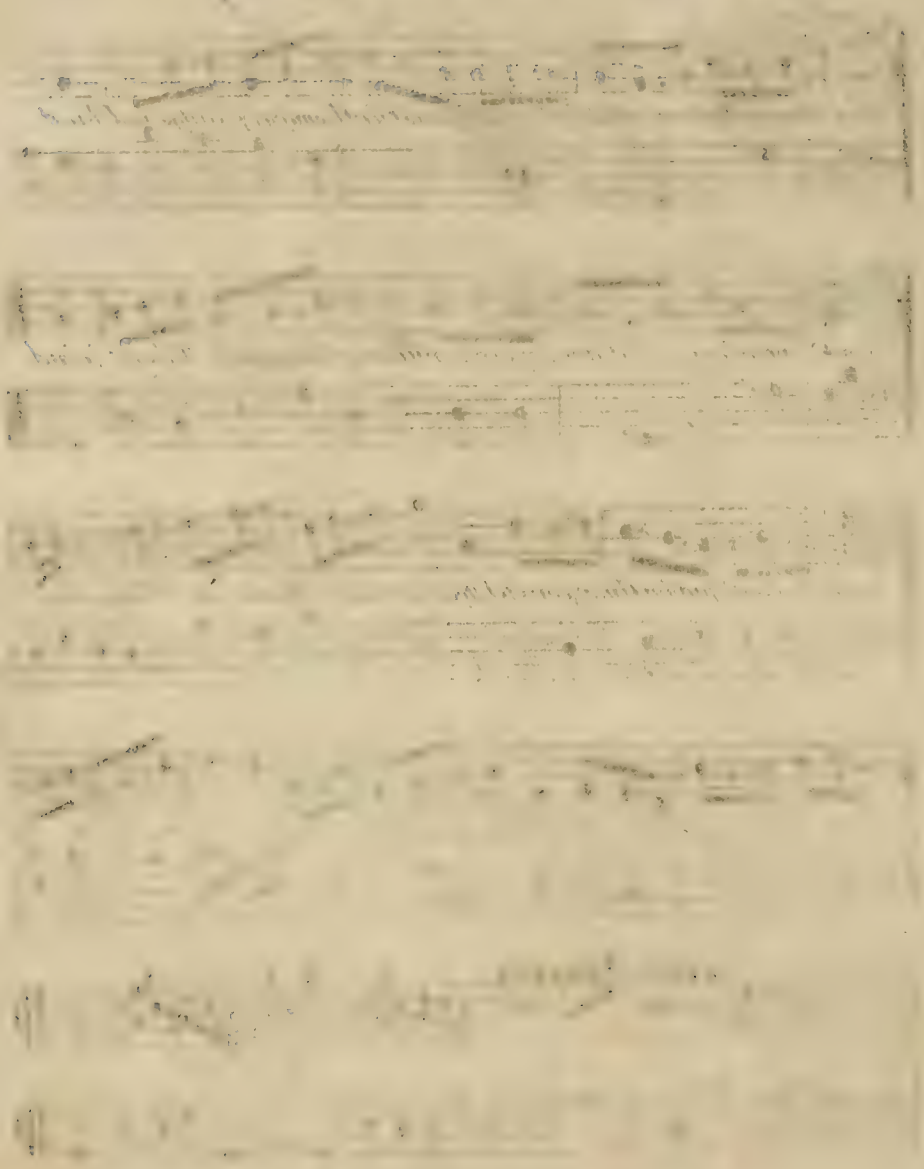

And.te
Dear un-re-lenting cru-el fair, how cou'd you first my heart en'-
snare; then leave that heart to bre-ak, then leave that heart to break.
how cou'd you first obtain a prize, by those dear sweet delwding
Ad.
Andante
eyes, and then that prize for-sake, and then that prize for-sake.

Like the close everlasting Flame,
My Heart is doom'd to burn the same,
Whilst you the Heart inspire;
You, like the Vestal, void of sleep,
With-in, eternal Vigils keep,
And feed the fainting Fire

Dear cruel Nymph those Flames suppress,
O love me more, or plague me less;
Too much you know I've bore:
For shame throw off that haughty Air,
And shew the soft complying Fair,
Or let me love no more.

The Imaginary Kiss.


Andante
When Sanny I saw as she tripd o'er ỹ Green, fair blooming soft Artlss and kind
Fond Love in her Eyes Wit and Sense in her Mien, & Warmness wth Modesty joind
Transported with sudden Amazement I stood, fast riveted down to the Place, Her
delicate Shape easy Motion I viewd & wandered o'er every Grace, & wandered o'er every
Grace.

Ye Gods! what Luxuriance of Beauty, I cry,
What Raptures must dwell in her Arms!
On her Lips I could feast, on her Breast I could die,
O Sanny, how sweet are thy Charms!
Whilst thus in Idea my Passion I fed,
Soft Transport my Senses invade,
Young Damon stepd up, wth ỹe Substance he fled,
And left me to kiss the dear Shade.

Set by Mr Oswald

The Cypress Grove

Tender

Beneath a Cypress Grove Young Strephon Sought Relief, the
Flowers around his Head Pin'd conscious of his Grief. Fond
Foolish Wretch he Cri'd, I love and yet de-spair, Pursue tho'
Still denied, by the too cruel Fair.

The Courtier asks a Place,
The Sailor Tempts the Sea,
The Miser begs Increase,
Love only governs me,

Nor Honour Wealth nor Fame,
Can like soft Transports move,
On Earth 'tis Bliss Supreme,
And Heav'n is but to love

Set by Mr Oswald

False Philander.

Andante

Fare well thou false Phi lander Since now from me you rove And leave me

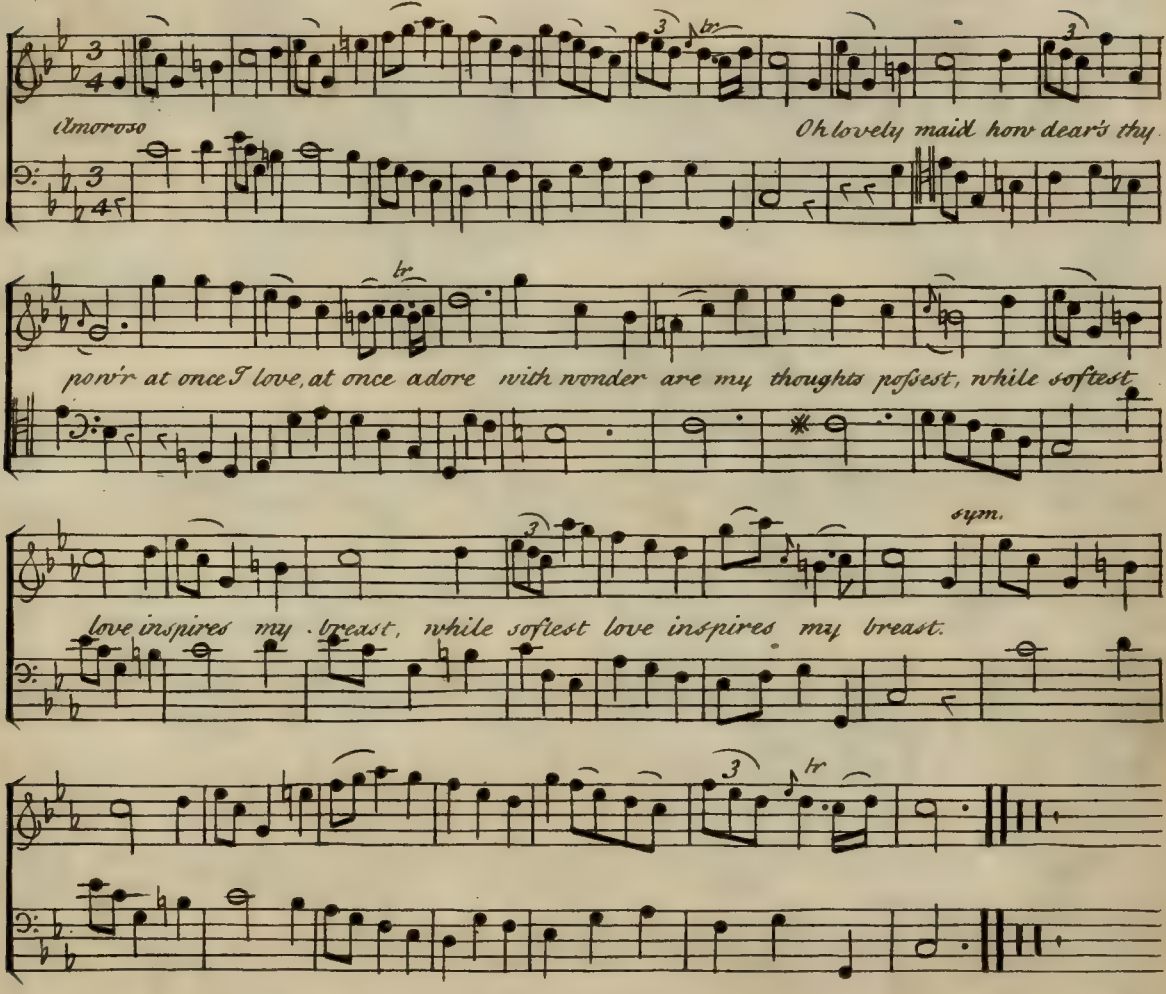
here to wander, no more to think of Love. I must for ever lan - - guish, I

must for ever mourn from Love I now am banished and shall no more return

Farewel deceitful Traitor, —
Farewel thou perjurd Swain,
Let never injurd Creature —
Believe your Vows again. —

The Passion you pretended, —
Was only to obtain, ——
For now the Charm is ended,
The Charmer you disdain. ——

A° NEW SONG set by Mr. Arne


Amoroso
Oh lovely maid how dear's thy
pow'r at once I love, at once adore with wonder are my thoughts posses't, while softest
sym.
love inspires my breast, while softest love inspires my breast.

2

Yes charming victor; I am thine
Poor as it is, this heart, of mine
Was never in another's pow'r
Was never pierc'd by love before
Was never pierc'd &c.

3

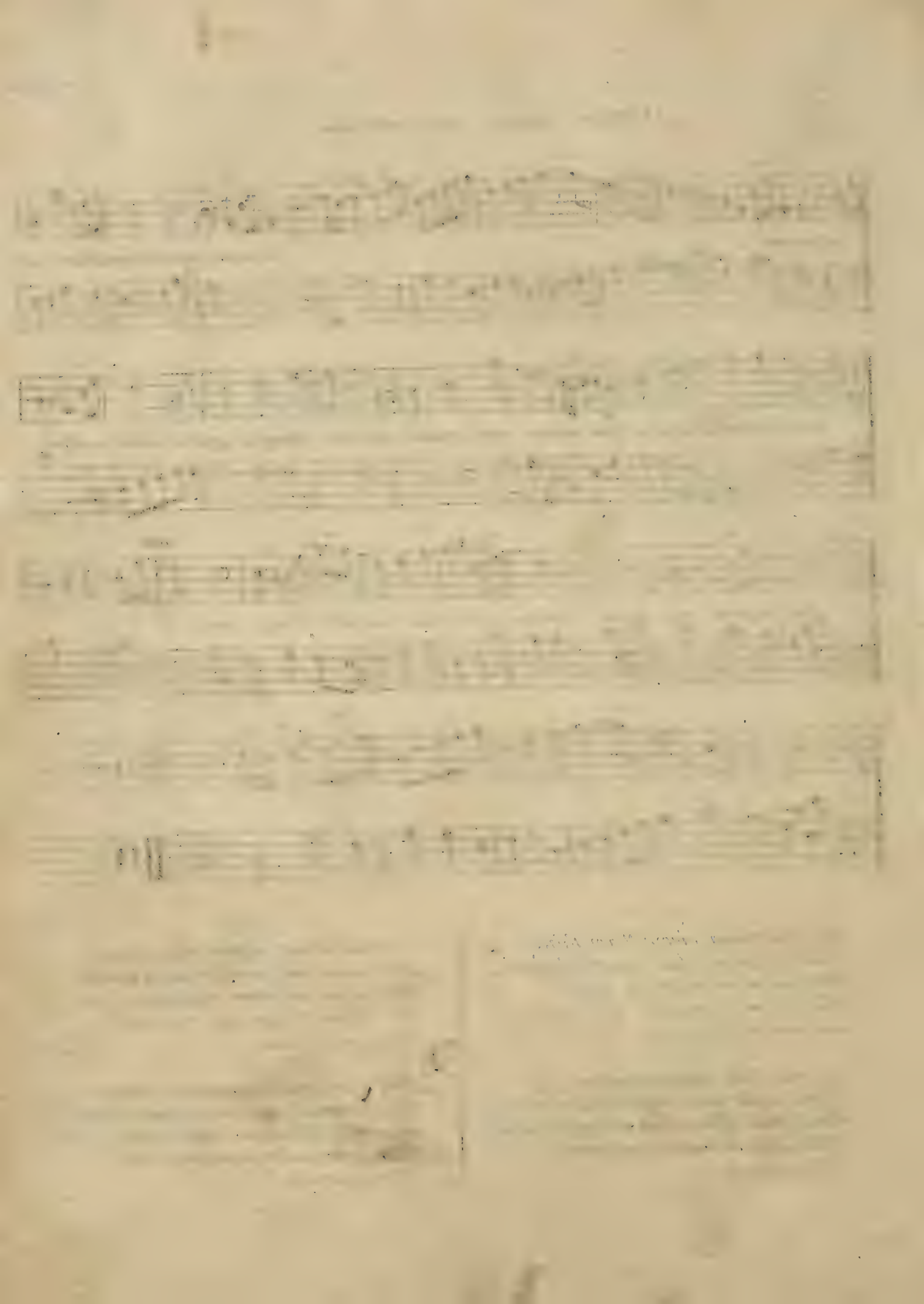
In thee I've treasur'd up my joy
Thou canst give bliss or bliss destroy
And thus I've bound my self to love
While bliss or misery can move
While bliss &c.

4

O should I ne'er posses thy charms
Ne'er meet my comfort in thy arms
Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone
Still would I love love the alone
Still would I &c.

5

But like some discontented shade
That wanders where its body's laid
Mournful I'd roam with hallow glare
For ever exil'd from the Fair.
For ever &c.



Set by Mr Oswald

The Weeping Fair.

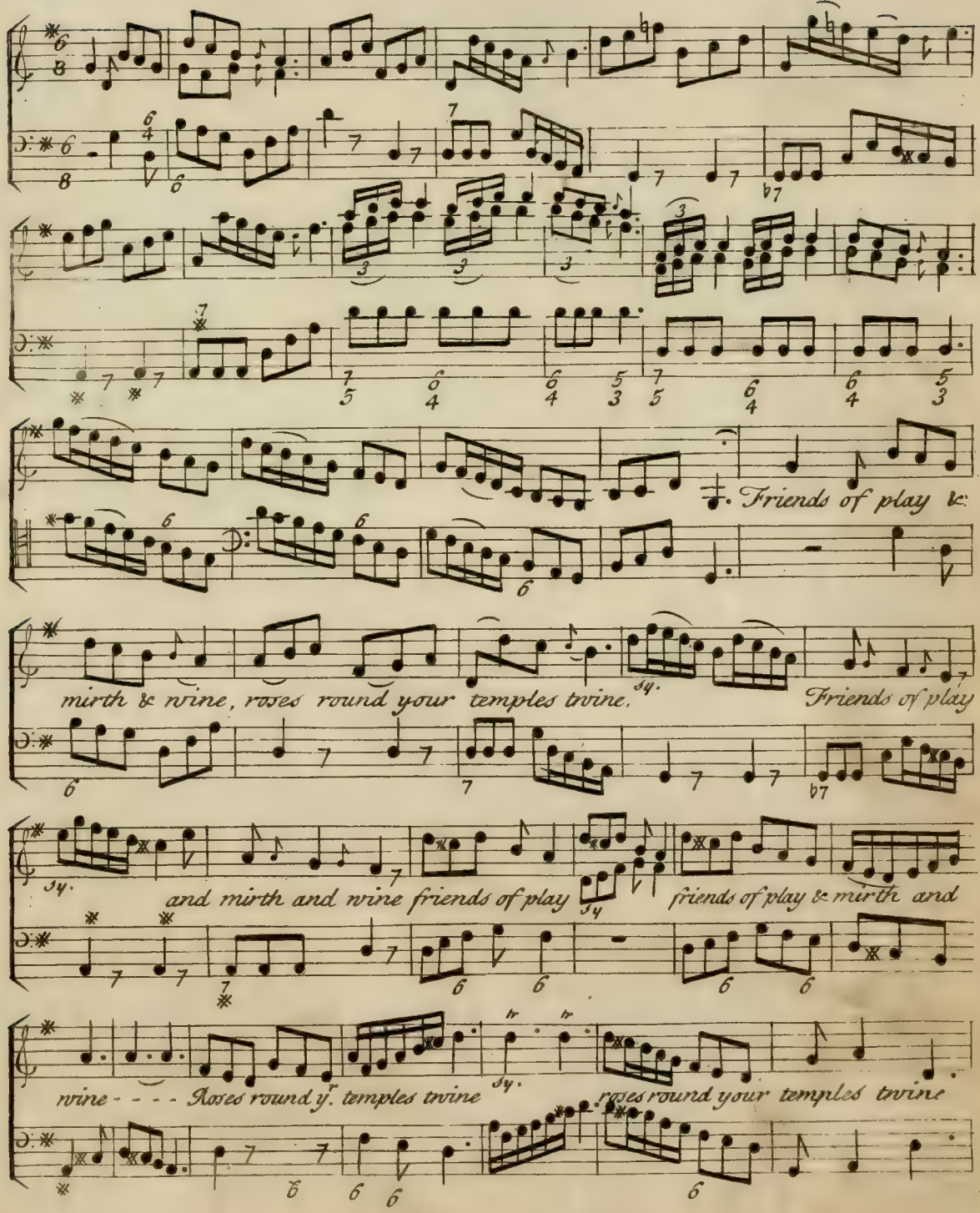
A Youth adorn'd with ev'ry Art, To warm and win ye Cold est Heart, in
secret mine pos-sest. The Morning Budd that fair-est blows, The
ver nal Oak that streigh-test grows, His Face and Shape ex-prest
His Face and Shape ex-prest

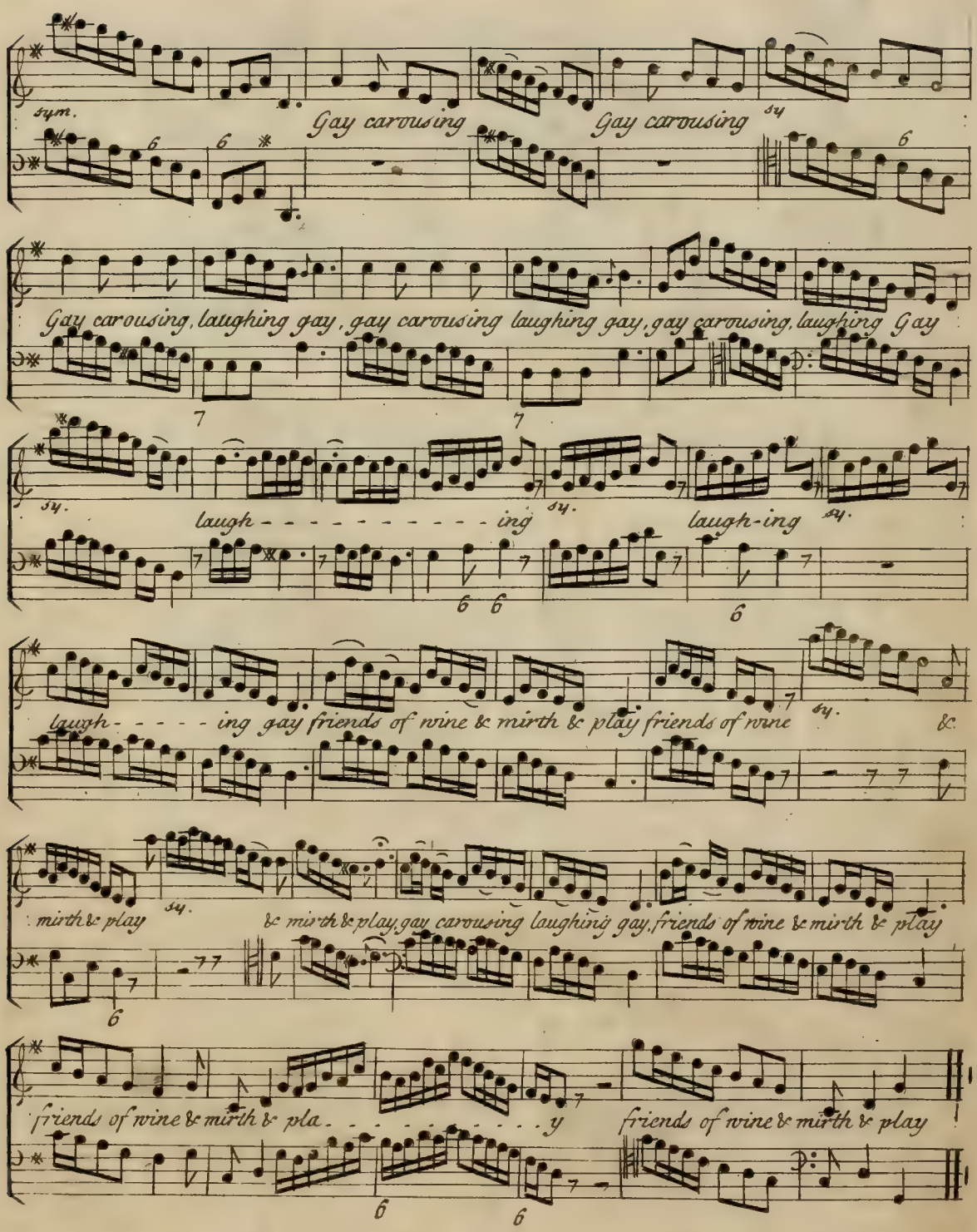
In moving Sounds he told his Tale,
Soft as the sighing of the Gale,
That makes the flow'ry Year:
What wonder he could charm with Ease,
Whom happy Nature form'd to please:
Whom honour made Sincere Whom &c.

At morn he left me sought and sull,
The fatal Evening heard his Knell.
And saw the Tears I shed.
Tears that must ever ever fall
For ah! no sighs the past recall.
No Crys awake the Dead. No Crys &c.

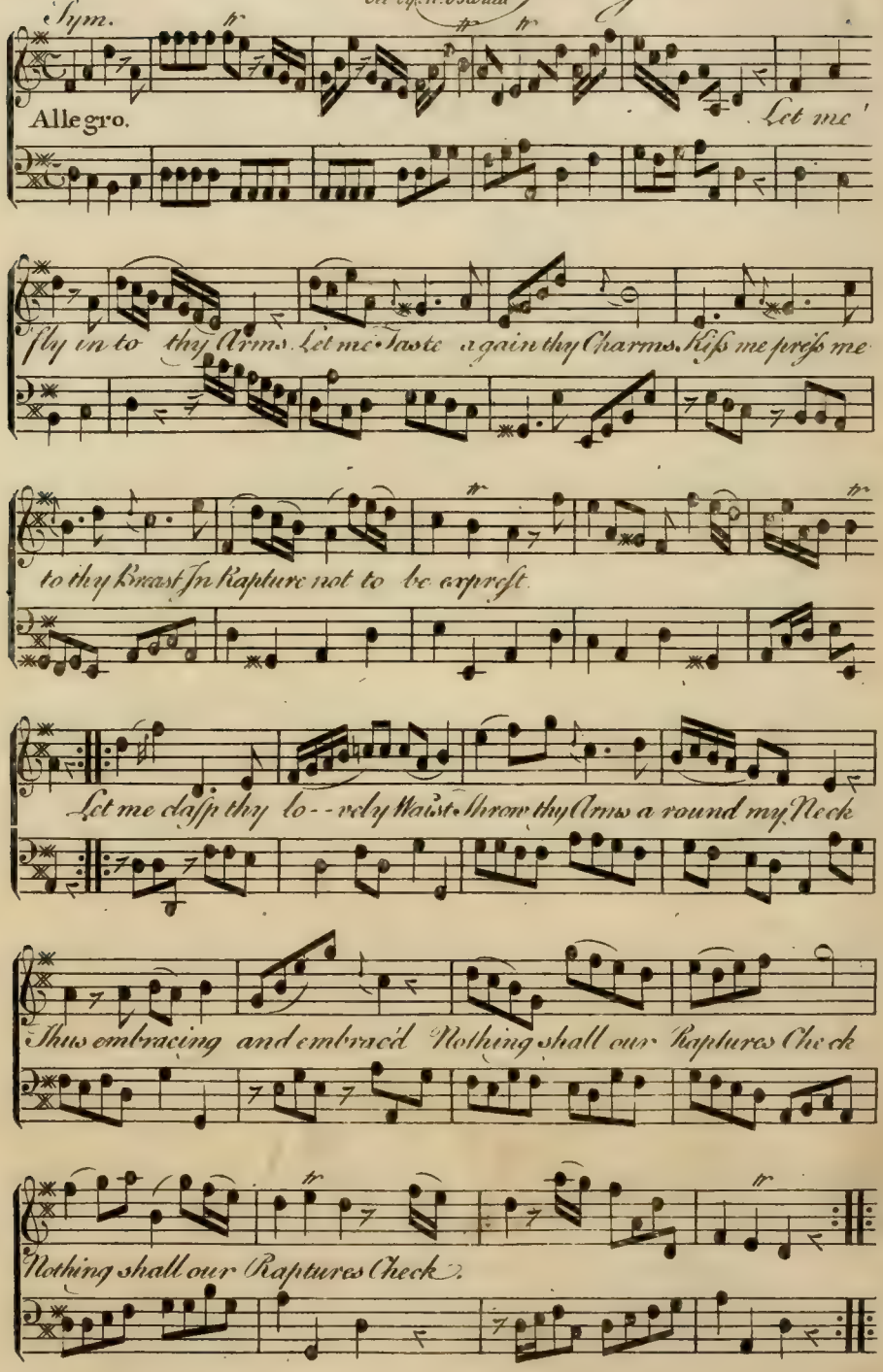
A NEW SONG,

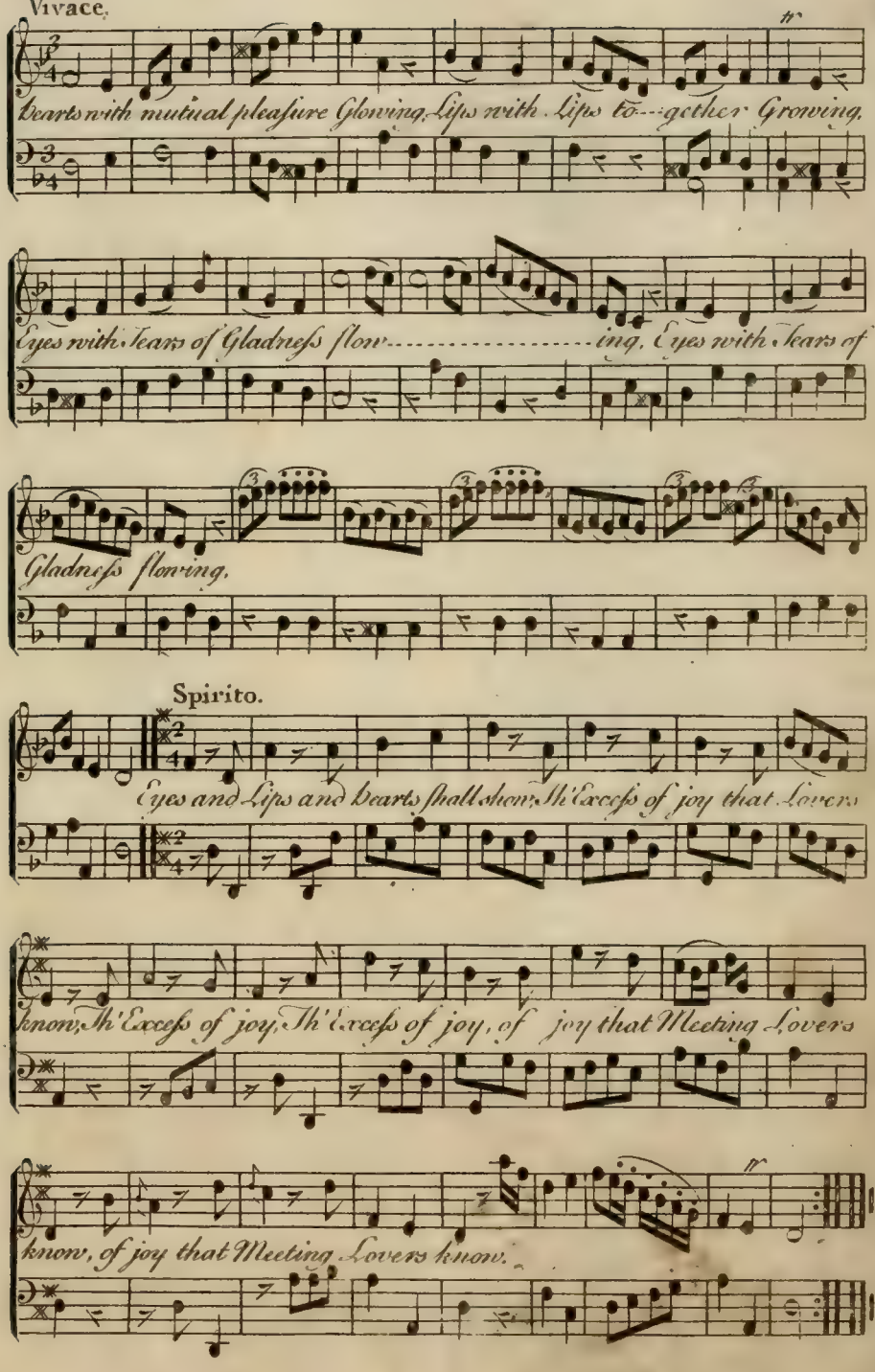
the Words from Anacreon; set by Mr. Chilcot.


Friends of play &c:
mirth & wine, roses round your temples twine.
Friends of play
and mirth and wine friends of play
friends of play & mirth and
wine - - - - Roses round y. temples twine
roses round your temples twine


Sym.
Gay carousing
Gay carousing
Sy
Gay carousing, laughing gay, gay carousing laughing gay, gay carousing, laughing Gay
Sy.
laugh - - - - - - - - - - - ing
Sy.
laugh-ing
Sy.
laugh - - - - - ing gay friends of wine & mirth & play friends of wine
Sy.
&
mirth & play
Sy.
& mirth & play, gay carousing laughing gay, friends of wine & mirth & play
friends of wine & mirth & pla - - - - - - - - - - - - y
friends of wine & mirth & play

The Meeting Kiss.

Set by Mr. Oswald

Sym.
Allegro.
Let me
fly in to thy Arms. Let me Taste again thy Charms. Kiss me prefs me
to thy Breast In Rapture not to be arprest
Let me clasp thy lo - - vely Waist. Throw thy Arms a round my Neck
Thus embracing and embraced Nothing shall our Raptures Check
Nothing shall our Raptures Check.

Vivace.

Hearts with mutual pleasure Glowing, Lips with Lips to---gether Growing,
Eyes with Tears of Gladness flow.....ing, Eyes with Tears of
Gladness flowing,
Spirito.
Eyes and Lips and hearts shall show, Th'Excess of joy that Lovers
know, Th'Excess of joy, Th'Excess of joy, of joy that Meeting Lovers
know, of joy that Meeting Lovers know.

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